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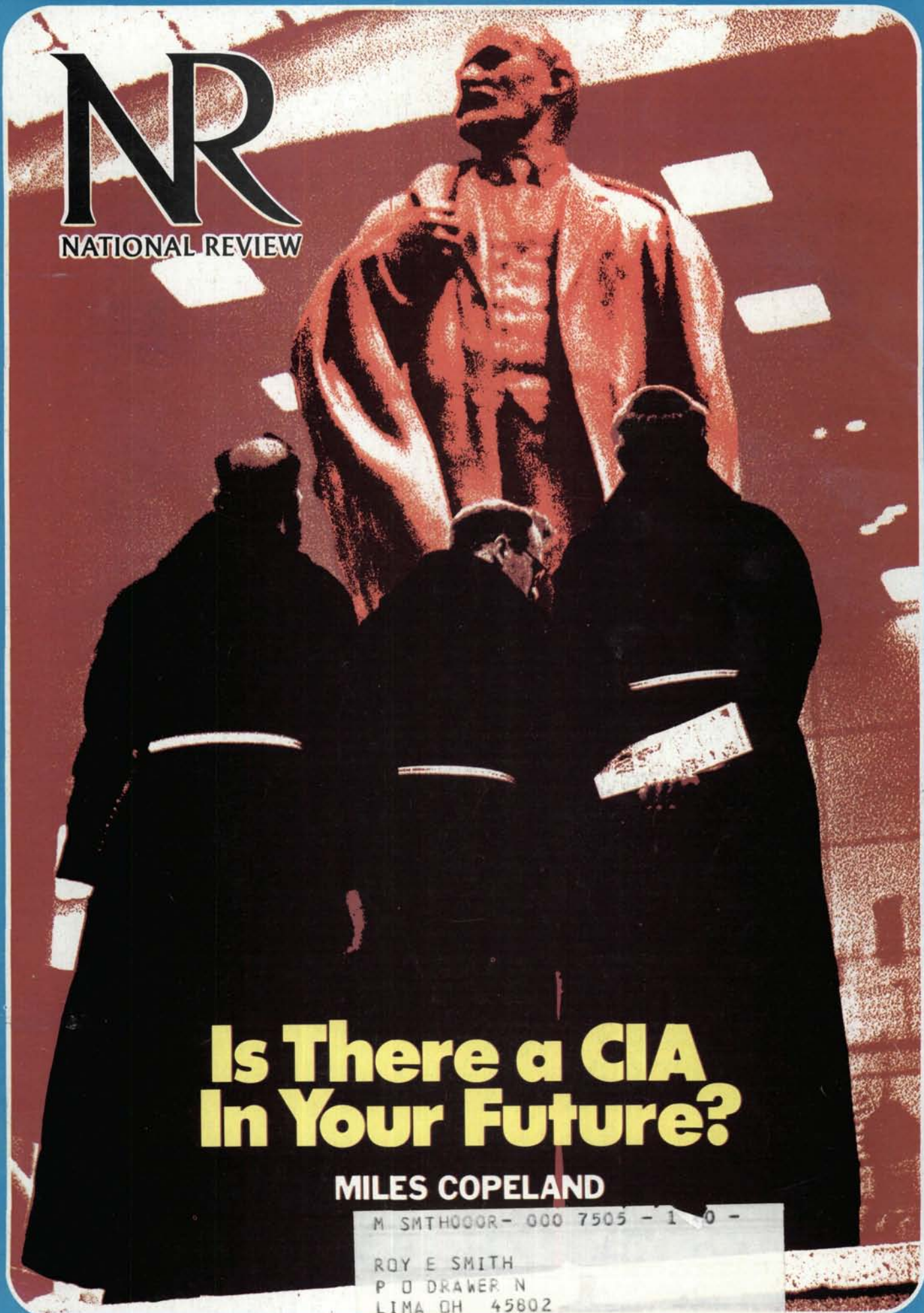

Is There a CIA In Your Future?

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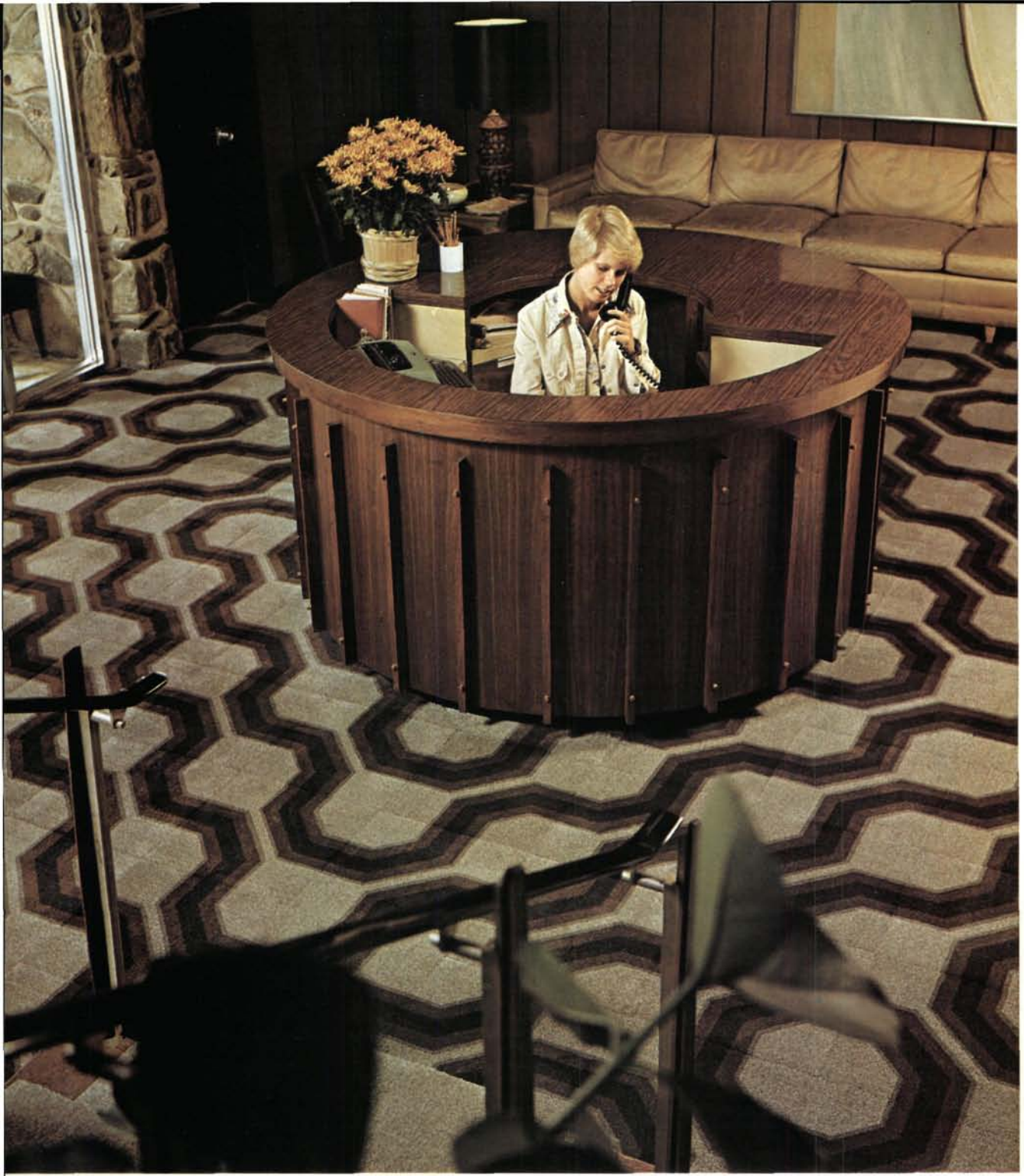

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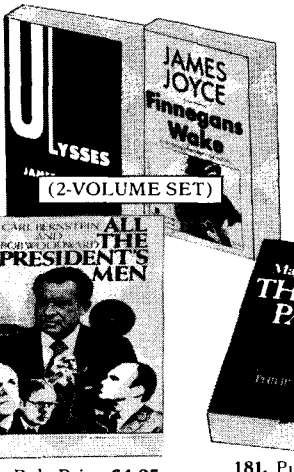

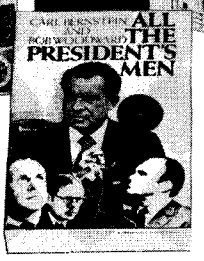

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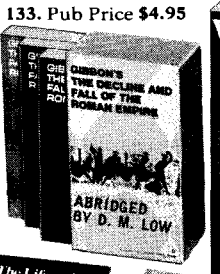

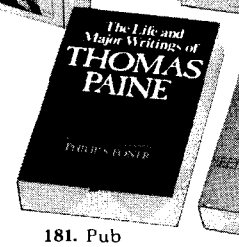

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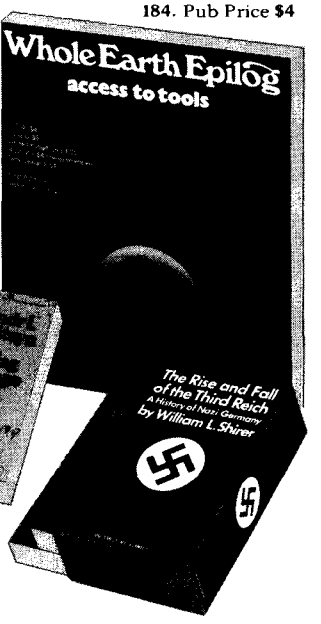

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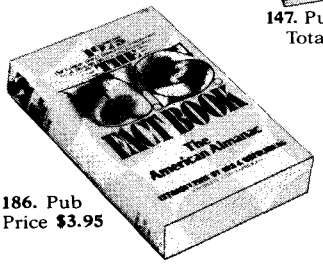

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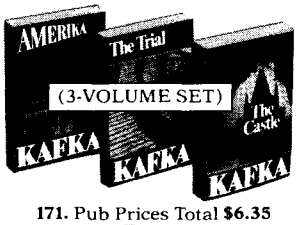

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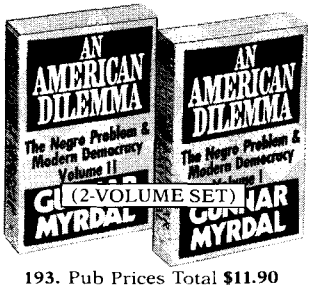

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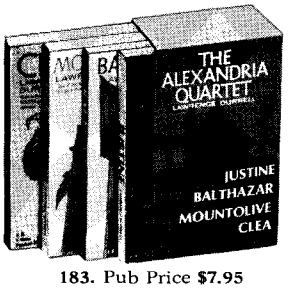

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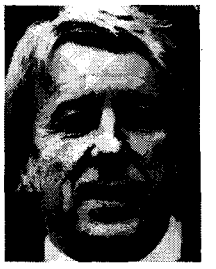

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To the 3,000,000 people who started smoking this year.

Despite all the arguments against smoking, one simple fact remains. Last year, three million people started to smoke.

This year, the criticism will continue. And next year, too. But after all is said and done, another three million people will probably start smoking.

Maybe the people who criticize smoking should stare the facts in the face. Then they might recommend that if you've decided to smoke, but are concerned about 'tar' and nicotine, you might smoke Vantage.

Vantage offers smokers the rich, tobacco flavor they've come to appreciate. With a substantial cut in 'tar' and nicotine.

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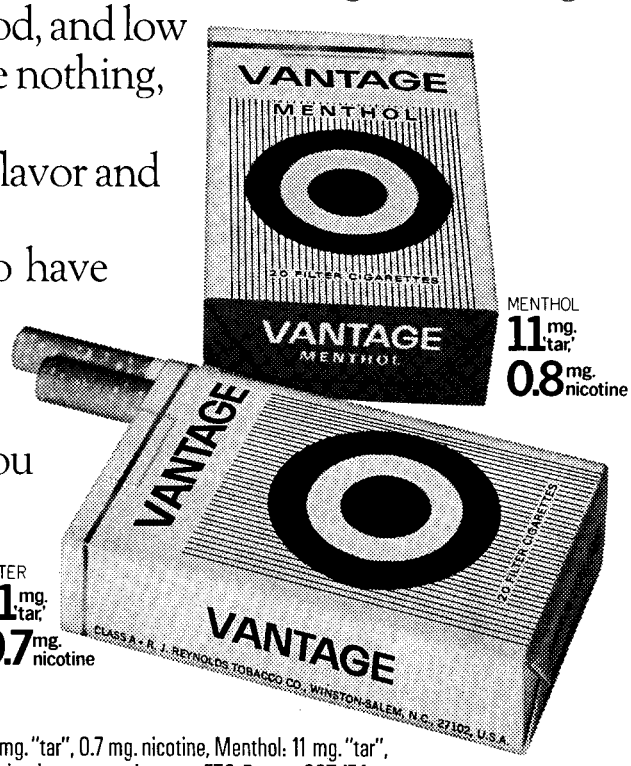

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Filter: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, Menthol: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report OCT.'74.

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Letters

Israel and Arabs

Herbert Cahn's "clarifying" analysis, "Israel, the Arabs, and Oil Money" [Feb. 28], unfortunately muddies the waters even more. The reason is an unfounded assumption that "the Arabs" continue to gnash their teeth over Israel. This assumption underpins his thesis that high oil prices are acceptable (to foster investments for energy independency), and that the way out of our monetary mess is long term "indexed" IOUs to the oil sellers, be they Arabs, Persians, or Indonesians.

The question is whether such high oil prices would be so acceptable if the Arabs could live with a contained Jewish state with final borders agreed to by all parties. Cahn apparently has not paid attention to Arab political developments since the Yom Kippur war. Most Mideast analysts I talk to, both in and out of government, agree with my own conclusions, based on years of reporting in the region, that "the Arabs" now would like to get out from under the Israeli issue and get on with more pertinent matters—economic development, for example.

The Arab "base line" toward Israel has changed to acceptance from rejection since the 1967 war. There are conditions, such as border definitions, the fate of East Jerusalem, and Palestinian statehood, but these are all solvable by negotiation. It's too bad that people like Cahn haven't cottoned on to this political development yet, because until they do, what they have to say about oil and money will only end up throwing sand in the readers' eyes.

Washington, D.C. LAWRENCE MOSHER
Staff Writer
The National Observer

N-w R-p-bl-c

M. J. Sobran Jr. has written a discerning piece about *The New Republic* ["Up from L-b-r-lism," Feb. 28], though he is wrong to think that it was I who wrote the self-congratulatory editorial on the magazine's sixtieth anniversary. He was wrong also in thinking that I was fervent in my support for McGovern: I was fervent only in my desire to end the squalor which Nixon both epitomized and institutionalized.

But your writer is correct in thinking that I want to have the magazine be a good deal more feisty than it has been in recent years and that it will be willing to examine and reexamine assumptions and arguments alike. If your readers are willing to do that, then they might even begin to read us. Alan Reynolds' article on Ralph Nader in the same issue uses three different *New Republic* materials as evidence for its own point. Shouldn't that whet someone's interest?

Washington, D.C. MARTIN PERETZ
Chairman, Editorial Board
The New Republic

Time for Mr. Harris

In the course of being interviewed in a recent Harris Poll, I became aware of an inbuilt liberal bias in the system that neither Professor James Payne ["Letters," Feb. 28] nor Mr. Lou Harris ["Mr. Harris Cries Foul," Feb 14] has mentioned.

The interview was lengthy and involved; I would have declined it, were it not for the fact that I teach statistics and thought it might provide me with an example to use in a lecture. In the course of the interview, it struck me that those who had the mental capacity to answer the questions in a coherent way would not consent to be interviewed if they had anything better to do. This would tend to exclude those whose time is money and whose attitudes will tend to be conservative. On the other hand, a costive, layabout, liberal busybody will jump at the chance to participate.

This self-selection in sampling could be ignored if the response rate were high—if, say, 80 per cent of those selected from a particular group on a random basis actually consented to be interviewed. But, as I found from the pollster, the rate is only about 25 per cent. In fact, he had done a survey on leisure time (activities) and had found that everyone he had interviewed had a surprisingly large amount of it.

San Francisco, Calif. G. H. TICHENOR

Claims to the Middle East

Nothing that General Brown said was quite as chilling as James Burnham's observation ["Fire at the Center," Dec. 6] denying to Jews any special claim to Israel

(Continues on page 255)

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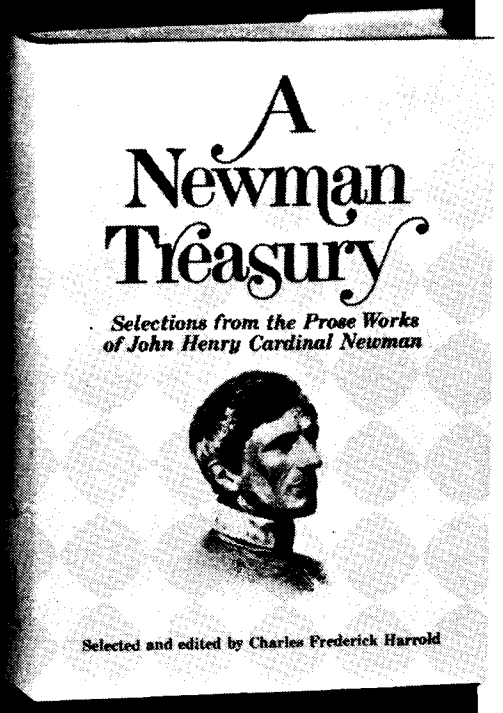

Why do Christian liberals shrink from this classic writer? Because he scourges them.

John Henry Newman remains the leading religious writer and the most original religious thinker the English-speaking world has ever produced. His major works encompass nearly forty volumes; his correspondence, when publication is complete, will add thirty more. Yet his range was so broad, his writings so various, that no single volume captures him—except this one.

Here, in generous selection, is the richness of Newman. His religious writings dominate, of course. But here too, choice and abundant, are his writings on education, on liberalism, on literature; not to mention his comments on a wide range of secular subjects (which display a sophistication not commonly associated with religious writers).

In short, a landmark book, incomparably the best introduction to the classic 19th-century writer who survives as the most contemporary. First published in 1943, this work has been out of print for two decades.

The late Charles Frederick Harrold, celebrated Newman scholar and biographer, taught at Ohio State until his death in 1948. His selections give due weight both to Newman's early Anglican and his later Roman Catholic periods. "Welcome and serviceable volume." – *N.Y. Times.* "Will appeal equally to those to whom Newman is little more than a name and to veteran Newmanites."—*Commonweal.*

NEWMAN vs. THE LIBERALS

Liberal morality
This has been the course of lawless pride and lust: . . . to lead us, first to exult in our uncontrollable liberty of will and conduct; then, when we have ruined ourselves, to plead that we are the slaves of necessity.

Relevance in religion
I am suspicious of any religion that is a people's religion, or an age's religion.

"Liberation theology"
The initial doctrine of the infallible teacher must be an emphatic protest against *the existing state of mankind. Man has rebelled against his Maker. It was this* that caused the divine interposition: and to proclaim it must be the first act of the divinely-accredited messenger. The Church must denounce rebellion as of all possible evils the greatest. She must have no terms with it; if she would be true to her Master, she must ban and anathematize it.

The new look in religion
To the devotional mind what is new and strange is as repulsive, often as dangerous, as falsehood is to the scientific.

"Luv" is not enough
Christianity, considered as a moral system, is made up of two elements, beauty and severity; whenever either is indulged to the loss or disparagement of the other, evil ensues.

Modernist theologians
The philosopher might speculate, but the theologian must submit to learn.

The fallacy of Christian Liberals
The Church aims, not at making a show, but at doing a work. She regards this world, and all that is in it, as a mere shadow, as dust and ashes, compared with the value of one single soul. She holds that, unless she can, in her own way, do good to souls, it is no use her doing anything; she holds that it were better for sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions who are upon it to die of starvation in extremest agony, so far as temporal affliction goes, than that one soul, I will not say, should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin, should tell one wilful untruth, though it harmed no one, or steal one poor farthing without excuse. She considers the action of this world and the action of the soul simply incommensurate, viewed in their respective spheres; she would rather save the soul of one single wild bandit of Calabria, or whining beggar of Palermo, than draw a hundred lines of railroad through the length and breadth of Italy, or carry out a sanitary reform, in its fullest details, in every city of Sicily, except so far as these great national works tended to some spiritual good beyond them.

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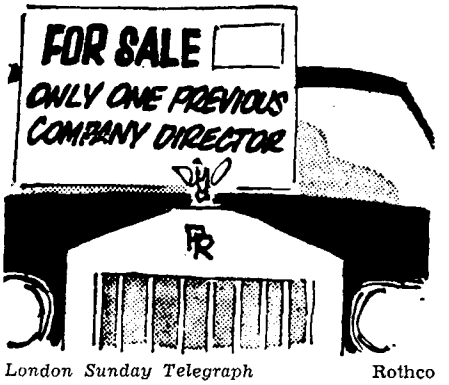
FOR THE RECORD

■ Republican leaders are jittery about third party talk. House Minority leader **John J. Rhodes** recently made a series of Lincoln Day speeches. At every stop he was questioned about third party chances. Would he join? "Hell, no." **Richard D. Obenshain**, Republican National Committee Co-chairman, says conservatives "have seen more clearly than others the utter bankruptcy of the liberal blueprint for America," but he doubts third party chances because of new campaign reform law, which supplies money on basis of previous election returns. . . . Republican officials will try to get things together at March conference of 1,000 **GOP leaders**. . . . Conservative GOP governors have let **Gerald Ford** know they are not bowled over by thought of his candidacy in '76. New Hampshire's **Meldrim Thomson** states flatly he prefers **Ronald Reagan** over Ford. South Carolina's **James Edwards** is leaning same way. Virginia's **Mills Godwin** says he isn't sure. Washington Gov. **Daniel Evans**, a liberal, has doubts about Ford but would love conservatives to leave GOP: "For every one who leaves, we'd get two to ten new ones."

■ **Saigon** reports that from signing of January 1973 "peace treaty" to December 31, 1974, there have been 72,000 North Vietnamese truce violations; 24,000 South Vietnamese soldiers have been killed and 5,000 civilians. . . . Sen. **Joseph Biden** (D., Del.) is a liberal but no bleeding heart. He says he couldn't imagine anything that would make him change his opposition to aid for South Vietnam—even a Communist bloodbath of South Vietnamese. . . . Rep. **Bella Abzug** (D., N.Y.) is among congressmen making "fact-finding" tour of South Vietnam. When she returns she'll probably try to rekindle leftist campaign about Thieu's "political prisoners." Abzug, as chairman of Subcommittee on Government Information and



London Sunday Telegraph Rothco

Individual Rights, also plans her very own hearings on domestic spying. . . . **Haldeman**, **Ehrlichman**, and **Mitchell** have been sentenced, but the end of Watergate is nowhere in sight. Appeals process could take up to twenty months. . . . Former Special Prosecutor **Leon Jaworski** recently said **Richard Nixon** could have weathered Watergate if he had destroyed the tapes. The storm would have passed, he said. Jaworski is one of few who wallowed in Watergate who is not milking it for all he can get. **John Dean**'s nine-week lecture tour will net him $175,000. Book advances for him and wife come to $450,000. . . . **Sam Dash**, former chief counsel to Senate Watergate Committee, is on the circuit and plans a book. . . . *Washington Post* reporters **Bernstein** and **Woodward** are working on sequel to *All the President's Men*, and **Teddy White**'s book on Nixon's unmaking is due in March.

■ President Ford has appointed **Kieran O'Doherty**, a founder of New York's Conservative Party, Commissioner of Postal Rate Commission. Since appointment doesn't require Senate approval, New York's liberal Sen. **Jacob Javits** won't be able to block O'Doherty. . . . Conservatives see Ford's nomination of **Carla Hills** for Secretary of Housing and Urban Development as a subtle slap at Ronald Reagan, who signaled disapproval of liberal Hills when he was governor of California. . . . Supporters of the **Equal Rights Amendment** say they are no longer sure about ratification in 1975 or ever. Only North Dakota has approved this year, while eight states have rejected. White House says mail is 3 to 1 against **Mrs. Ford**'s support of ERA. . . . Women's liberation: **Tracers of America**, largest in U.S., says more wives than husbands are running away from home. Last year Tracers was asked to find 1,136 wives and 989 husbands. In 1973, missing men outnumbered missing Ms. two to one.

■ He hasn't been back for long but already **Daniel Moynihan** is making waves. The former U.S. Ambassador to India has called on the U.S. to "start raising hell" in the United Nations, where we have for too long suffered the "obscene lies" of Third World countries: "We should rip the hides off everybody who presumes to talk about [U.S. political] prisoners." . . . Trouble on the left in Argentina: outfit calling itself the Authentic Peronist Group says **Isabel Perón** is not a true Peronist and has begun effort to unite Argentina's divided Left. . . . U.S. may be getting revenge on Arabs. Just as **Social Security** Administration was admitting difficulties (by the end of 1980, the system's reserve fund will be down to $800 million—enough to pay only 9 per cent of one year's benefits), three U.S. officials with experience in our social security system left for Saudi Arabia to help that country set up its own social security system. . . . Since there has been no reaction from England, the British are probably still considering **Idi Amin**'s proposal that Uganda replace England as headquarters for the Commonwealth. . . . A joke making the rounds in Moscow has **Brezhnev** telling **Kosygin** that if the Soviet Union eases its emigration policy "there won't be anyone left in the country but you and me." To which Kosygin replies: "Don't count on me."

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or, more generally, to the lands of the Bible.

Brown's stuff was apparently spoken in ignorance compounded by that callousness which makes the ignorance possible in the first place. But Burnham is not short of information and he knows that history, religion, and the shards of archaeology all tell the same story—that regardless of counterclaims and other rights and injustices the basic claim of the Jews to that land is not deniable. Indeed, Burnham observes in passing that Christians have as much of a stake in the country as Jews—a fairly staggering piece of doublethink which simply ignores the origin of the Christian stake!

Beverly Hills, Calif. SAUL DAVID

Duck, Cato!

Hey Cato! In your "Letter from Washington" [Jan. 31] concerning COPE's favorite Republicans, you forgot ole 100 per cent (COPE), so-called Republican Richard Schweiker (Pa.). I'm gonna sic AIM on you.

Huntingdon, Pa. E. B. HEINE

Reagan's Proposition 1

Charles Hobbs's excellent article, "How Ronald Reagan Governed California" [Jan. 17], spoke of the Reagan tax and spending reform measure, Proposition 1. I would like to add to his comments on its defeat.

The complexity—legal language and length—was not a big factor in the defeat of Proposition 1. California voters since have passed an equally complex and still longer initiative, the so-called political reform act. The big factor was misrepresentation and false propaganda.

In the voters' pamphlet, which goes to every California voter, the legislative analyst made biased statements in the capsule description (which also appears on the actual ballot) and in his analysis of the measure. Since voters expect the "official" statements to be accurate and impartial, that was a nasty blow.

Also extremely important was the blatantly false propaganda put out by, among others, the teachers' union. It employed every conceivable scare tactic: loss of pensions, deteriorating schools, highways falling apart, and especially rising taxes. The big-lie technique worked.

Tulelake, Calif. CATHERINE CHIPMAN

Environmentalists

In his otherwise intelligent and learned essay ["Christianity and Ecology," Dec. 20], it is a pity that R. V. Young, toward the end, seems to fall victim to the tenor of an era which he aptly sums up as being "dominated by printed and broadcast journalism of unsurpassed vulgarity and hysteria . . ."

(Continues on page 301)

water meter

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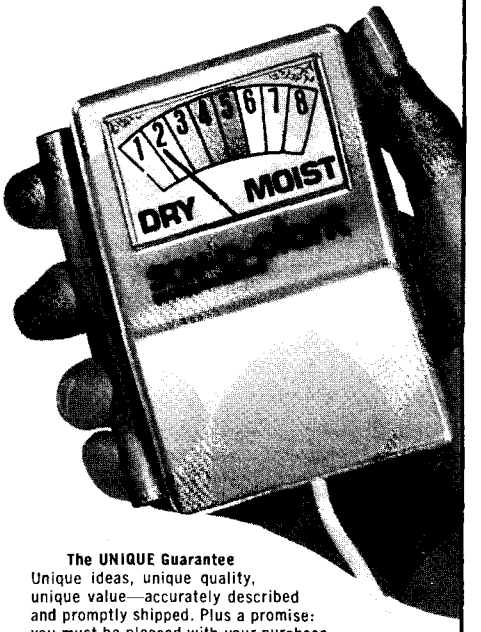

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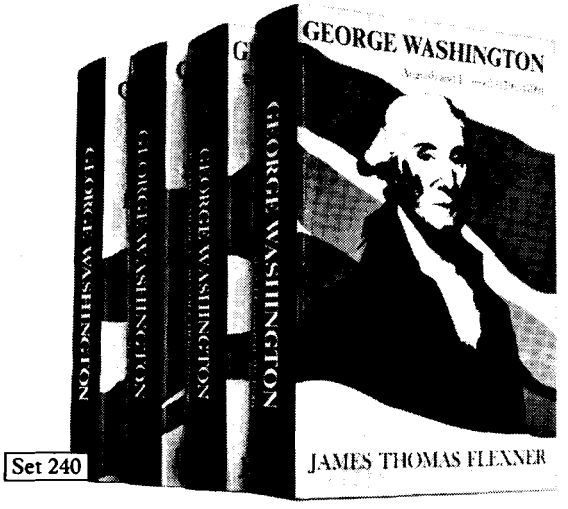

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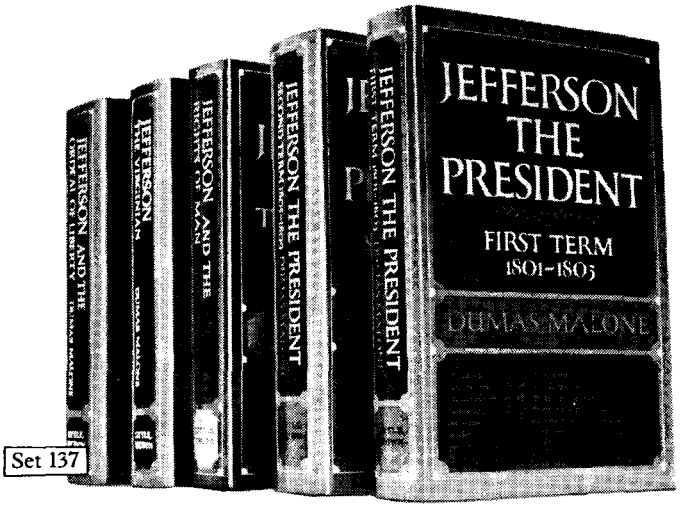

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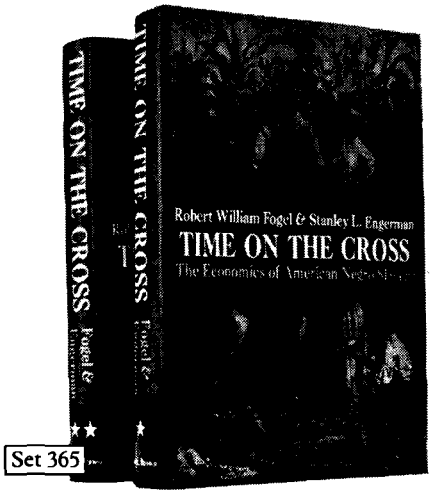

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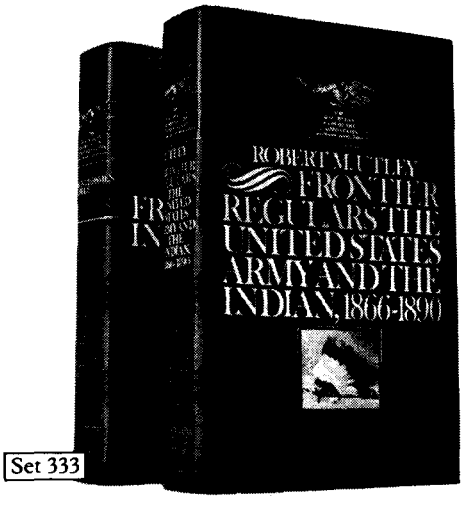

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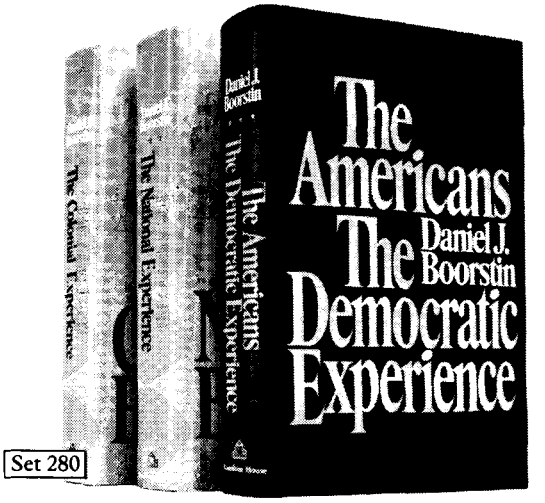

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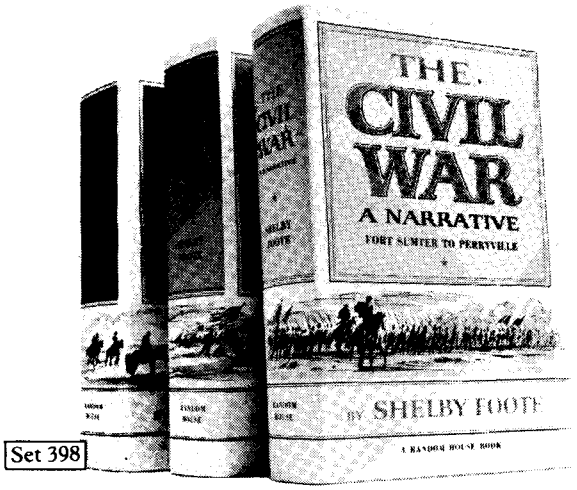

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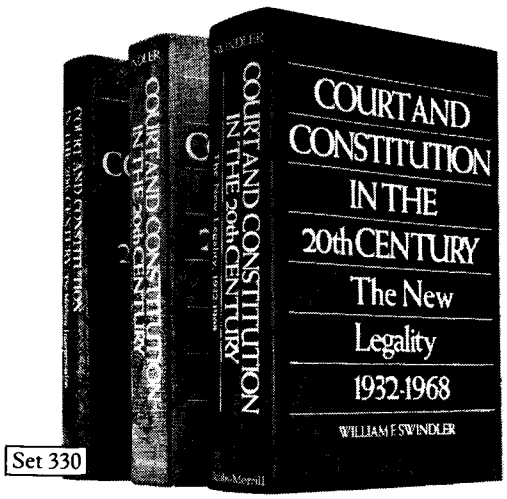

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THE WEEK

■ The President's Commission to investigate domestic spying no doubt has its hands full, and the same is undoubtedly true of the Senate panel to investigate domestic spying, and the very same must of course be said of the House panel to investigate domestic spying. But if any one of the above committees has a minute to spare, we respectfully suggest that it take a look at Joseph Alsop's column about the Soviet Union's KGB spies. Since Alsop says the spies are located on Capitol Hill, we're sure the investigators of domestic spying won't be overstepping themselves.

■ The Archdiocese of New York is quietly distributing a position paper to all its clergy on the hot (in New York) subject of homosexual rights. The paper holds that homosexuals have rights, like everyone else, against unwarranted discrimination. But it also holds that homosexual activity is immoral in itself, and that there are consequently warranted discriminations: e.g., the protection of young people, in their formative years, from homosexual influences. The reason anything so obvious has to be spelled out is that the city is contemplating an amendment, Intro 554, as it is called, to its already hyperrestrictive administrative code. Intro 554 would not only ban discrimination against homosexuals (perhaps even—the language is unclear—in two-family housing units); it would also institute "affirmative action" programs for hiring the homosexual. If it passes, look for a new advertising slogan: "I got my job through the *Village Voice*."

■ Albert Shanker, president of the American Federation of Teachers, fears nothing more than a dwindling power base, and that is happening with the declining birth rates. The postwar baby boom has ended and communities throughout the country are closing schools. There is now a surplus of teachers. But Shanker has the answer: "Educare," which calls for government financed education from childhood to retirement. Shanker has also recently informed the New York Board of Education that the 75,000 employees he represents will need "very substantial" wage hikes because "my people are hungry." The median yearly salary for teachers is $18,350 in New York.

■ Women's Lib Made Hard: In response to the UN's designation of 1975 as International Women's Year, the Supreme Revolutionary Council of Somalia—a largely Islamic nation—ordered Somalian males to cease and desist from discriminatory sex practices. Some Somalian males took to the streets in protest against what they regarded as a highly un-Islamic decree. Ten of them may now be getting a verdict from the highest authority on whether they were on strong grounds religiously, having since been dispatched to that authority by a Somalian firing squad.

■ Boston, although it has produced some populists of the Louise Day Hicks stripe, is hardly a stronghold of philosophical conservatism. A possible comer on the political scene is Avi Nelson, a conservative-libertarian talk show host, who has become a hero to the antibusing movement without ever descending from an intellectually impeccable antistatism. "I'm opposed to all kinds of government intervention and regulation," he says. "If you and I enter into a voluntary association, no one should be able to tell us to disassociate because our skin colors don't match his idea of what they ought to be." Thus, he says, not only should white students from South Boston not be forced to change places with black students from Roxbury; whites and blacks should not have been confined to South Boston and Roxbury by school districting laws in the first place. His point is not segregation or integration, but voluntarism; his choice for a practical approach, the voucher system. His rigorous logic does not appear to have hurt him in the eyes of Bostonians. Like many other Republicans, he chose not to run for Congress last year ("it looked like a referendum on Richard Nixon"), but watch for him as a possible bright spot on the landscape in 1976.

■ You would have to look long and far (or pay a huge bribe) to find an economist of any shade of opinion who has a single kind word for farm and dairy subsidies, or for the floor under transportation prices enforced by the ICC and CAB. The latest report of the Council of Economic Advisers estimates that government regulations take a penny out of every dollar, with little or no offsetting benefits. A Brookings Institution study a few years back found that the wealthiest 7 per cent of farmers got 42 per cent of the farm price support payments, while only 4 per cent went to the poorest 40 per cent. For this, taxes and food prices were raised by some $10 billion a year for many years. Now that the Administra-

Murder on the "A" Train

Some counsel, "Carry lots of dough";
A happy thug might let you go.
But sometimes when they snatch your pay
Your body winds up DOA.
However, being broke is *worse*.
(Before you board, reserve a hearse.)
If these examples make you heave,
Please join the liberals, and leave.

W. H. VON DREELE

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tion is waging war on such blatant governmental exploitation of consumers, those who posture as friends of the "little guy" in Congress are either curiously silent or worse. Senator McGovern, apparently worried that the poor eat too much bread, advocates almost doubling the support price of wheat. With friends like that . . .

■ International orchestrations of the theme of the dastardly CIA "destabilization" of Allende Chile continue to pour out. Nathaniel Davis, nominated as the U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, was U.S. Ambassador to Chile from 1971 to late 1973. Therefore, announces a full orchestra, he will attempt to "destabilize" Africa. Even so, wail the strings in the person of the radical Representative Charles C. Diggs Jr. (D., Mich.), chairman of the House Foreign Affairs subcommittee on Africa. The answering woodwinds—all 43 foreign ministers of the Organization of African Unity (OAU)—lament the "odious practice of 'political destabilization' which brought untold harm to our brothers in Latin America." Secretary of State Kissinger, in severely critical tones, has reminded the OAU that "the United States Government would never comment publicly upon the choice of other sovereign governments in filling any of their public offices. Under commonly accepted principles of international decency, it has the right to expect the same of other governments . . ." Mr. Davis is acceptable to South Africa, and the OAU states—despite their resolution for the record—have not asked that his name be withdrawn.

■ Israelis are talking about a scandal of their own: the dinosaur scandal. Contestants for the Israeli civil service were asked several questions which usually don't appear on civil service exams, and the answers were surprising, even scandalous. Several candidates listed Canada, Mexico, England, Europe, and Russia as belonging to the United States. Only 22 knew who William Shakespeare was. And a dinosaur was identified as everything from a comet to a former President of the United States.

■ Judging by the rate at which they are ordering armament, the Arab states must have set themselves the goal of a supersonic jet in every garage, a tank at each front door, and a missile handy in the kitchen. Saudi Arabia has just signed up with the U.S. for a $750-million package, including sixty Northrop F-5 jet fighters, and with France for $860-million worth of tanks, armored cars, and missiles. Egypt will get dozens of new French Mirage jet fighters, with Saudi Arabia guaranteeing the payments. Iran is down for a couple of hundred of the $15-million-each U.S. F-14s, billions' worth of miscellaneous military hardware from France and Britain, a desert-full of guns, tanks, missiles, and other land-based equipment, plus naval craft to operate in and from the Persian Gulf. Kuwait, Dhubai, and the other Arab emirates are right there in the queues at the arms plants. It looks likely that some of the smaller Arab states may soon have more aircraft than people. The prospect may not look particularly cheerful to the Israelis, but it's a nifty way to recycle a lot of those slippery petrodollars. We assume that each plane and tank is to be equipped with a secret self-destruct gadget that can be activated by a trigger in the Oval Office.

■ The Conference of Caribbean Tourism (don't ask us) recently gathered in Caracas, and the keynote speaker was President Carlos Andres Perez of Venezuela. He offered *los delegados reunidos* Venezuelan money (petropesos?) for teaching Spanish throughout the Caribbean, so that "some day all the Dutch-, French-, and English-speaking people in the Caribbean will have Spanish as an official language next to the one inherited as a legacy from the days of colonialism." We hope President Perez' national pride is not injured when somebody tells him where *Spanish* came from.

■ The KGB is the Soviet Union's secret police. Its operatives are not limited by any charter and they work both inside and outside the Soviet Union. According to recent reports, the KGB has tightened security in Eastern Europe, the Soviet Union, and even non-Communist countries. A Bulgarian dissident who had fled his country was kidnapped in Copenhagen by Bulgarian secret police. To honor the agents who accomplished this and other deeds, the Soviet Union has established a new award: Order of Services for the Homeland in the USSR's Armed Forces. Recipients of the award are entitled to: "priority in housing, a free round trip journey first class anywhere in the country once a year, free use of all urban transportation within their district, and head of queue treatment in shops, places of entertainment, and cultural institutions."

■ Communist leaders have their own version of Gallup polls: what people dare say about them in public. One Hungarian explained, after Hungarian television had broadcast a skit parodying Party leader Janos Kadar: "Secretary Kadar knows he is popular in Hungary, so there is no harm in parodying him. But don't assume from that we could go too far in this country. You will never see a parody of Mr. Brezhnev on Hungarian television."

■ On the enlightened reasoning that if women have to, men have to, the Baltimore County Liquor Board—how did we get along without liquor boards in 1776?—has ruled that a male go-go dancer has to cover his chest. A few months ago a California community used the identical arguments to rule that women could go topless at the beach. This covers all possible conclusions about equal rights in breast coverings, but it barely scrapes the surface of what you can say about legislators.

■ Mequon, Wisconsin has decreed capital punishment

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for a marijuana user. Seems a mouse got into the contraband cupboard at the police station and started eating the grass, amphetamine pills, LSD sugar cubes, everything but the delicious poison the police set out for it. After dining it would strut around the premises, do a few softshoe routines, and retire. Unfortunately, the police caught and slew the beast before it could fly to Hollywood for a screen test.

■ Mr. Richard Lough of Redwood City, California pleaded not guilty to a charge of assaulting a young woman with a knife, on grounds that he is a werewolf. Lough testified that even as a child he used to go stand on a hillside and howl. Chances are, there's a section in California law to deal with werewolves. If not, there will be soon.

■ It's a standoff in Niagara Falls, Ontario. Mr. Brian Inglis of that city, who was fired recently, wants to go on welfare while he continues eating garlic four times a day for his health. Welfare officials say no, claiming that Inglis is deliberately eating the garlic to make himself unemployable. Hope the civil libertarians don't get a whiff of this.

■ SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE DEPARTMENT: On the evening news on Valentine's Day a Washington, D.C. network television station did a short on: "Something else besides Valentine cards people give to each other: VD."

Norris, *Vancouver Sun* Rothco

". . . I suppose there's no way to avoid this falling into the hands of the politicians?"

Edelin Abortion Verdict

I. The Legal Perspective

The jury verdict in the Edelin case has once again set off a national debate on abortion, in itself a desirable result. Part of the current debate raises the question of whether the case was really about abortion, or whether it was a manslaughter case, a distinction on which the prosecution and the defense disagreed from the start. There is no question that an abortion, loosely defined, occurred (and occurred after the Supreme Court's decisions had invalidated Massachusetts law on the subject, but before the state had made new law). On one view, an abortion might be said not to be complete until all—if you can believe the term—the "products of conception" have been disposed of. That, more or less, is what the defense argued. The prosecution, on the other hand, argued in essence that there came a time when the abortion, defined differently, ended, and that at that point a viable human being existed, whose existence Edelin took no steps to protect. The abortion, conceded the defense, was legal, but because it had produced a viable human being (and by the Supreme Court's own definition viability can exist as early as the 24th week), the problem of manslaughter arose. Thus the case is about abortion and manslaughter, but it is interesting primarily for what it says about abortion. Concerning the manslaughter aspect, the verdict says only that a baby was alive, that a doctor failed to take proper steps to preserve that life, and that he therefore committed manslaughter—not really a remarkable finding. Indeed one would have been shocked, assuming that set of facts, had the jury found otherwise.

If the case is significant it is because of its assertion, relative to abortion, that a viable human being can be the product of, can exist following the completion of, a now constitutionally protected abortion. In which case one tack for the courts may simply be to declare that an abortion does not end until the life of the fetus has been snuffed out, regardless of whether that takes place inside or outside the womb. I.e., that an abortion includes the killing of the fetus, not merely its removal from the womb. That is not only a reasonable definition of abortion, but is precisely why it is objectionable.

But the Supreme Court in its muddleheaded decision didn't quite get around to saying that, and Dr. Edelin is now paying the price of the Court's sloppy opinion, small though that price actually is.

There are other difficulties with the case, namely, the facts. Was there a clock on the wall? Did Edelin delay for a few minutes? Were there really signs that the baby had breathed? It is *not* inconceivable, and it should *not* be part of the anti-abortionists' campaign to deny the possibility, that the jury's verdict *was* against the weight of the evidence. It is entirely likely that the verdict will be overturned on factual grounds, and there are those anti-abortionists who believe that would be a good thing.

They believe the decision is unfortunate because it will give the appearance of success without much substance. It is true that already doctors are becoming reluctant to perform abortions after the 12th week and that a number of lives will therefore be saved by the decision. Still, the case does not go to the heart of the

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anti-abortionists' concern: they have no particular interest in manslaughter cases, or the facts concerning them; and if what the Edelin case does is redefine abortion, the courts might simply redefine it again. A constitutional amendment remains necessary to negate the Supreme Court's rulings and this decision could have the effect of delaying the effort to have that amendment adopted.

II. The Existential Problem

The week after Dr. Edelin's conviction, the *New York Times* deplored the jury's mishandling of "the complex and sensitive issue" of abortion. That was predictable. What was unexpected was that the *Times* would go on to speak of "massacre," "killing," "slaughter," "ruthless and questionable procedure," "poignant spectacle," "this hideous project"—not, however, in reference to abortion, but in the succeeding editorial, which concerned the Army's massive extermination of blackbirds in Kentucky.

One can understand the position, even while rejecting it, that a human fetus is in some sense subhuman. What is offensive is the maldistribution of indignation that implies that the fetus is also sub-grackle.

At this point one suddenly wonders: what do they mean when they speak of "complexities" inherent in the issue of abortion? That they are confused? and that they find it inconceivable that any rational man should *not* be confused? For on the evidence, all they have to offer is confusion, codified in a kind of agnosticism that censures anyone who presumes to speak lucidly. For neither the *New York Times* nor any other abortion libertarian who has come under our inspection has ever offered any better reason for their position than their own uncertainty. None of them has clarified the issue at all. They typically heap a mass of considerations before the reader, some of which are relevant and poignant, more poignant even than dying blackbirds, but without reference to any explicit or organized system of values. The mother's poverty, for instance, is usually adduced as justification for killing what may or may not be a real child. No better reason for doubting that it is a child has yet been brought forward than that it is very small, and not yet perfectly formed. Nearly every argument for abortion is an equally good argument for infanticide.

That this is so must occur, however obscurely, to abortion advocates themselves. They rely heavily on Orwellian terms like "fetus," as in a phrase that has popped up twice in press coverage of Edelin: "terminated the life of the fetus." Ah, the anesthetic Latinity of it! Orwell said that those who believe in killing for certain purposes ought to come right out and say so, giving their reasons, instead of disguising their meaning in pompous ambiguities. A fetus lives, grows, takes shape, moves, kicks. When you abort it, you kill it. If you think there are justifications for killing it, you should say so.

Aristotle discusses abortion frankly in his *Politics*, Book VII, Chapter 16 (in the same passage, as it happens, where he discusses what he thinks are valid reasons for infanticide). He says, however, that abortion as a birth control method should be performed early, "before sense and life have begun." Those who argue for it nowadays are neither so direct nor so humane. None of those who talk of the "sensitivity" of the issue has yet, so far as we know, confronted the obvious agony that is felt by the fetus who is dismembered or burned with caustics to kill him in the womb. One would think that those whose hearts bleed for blackbirds might at least stipulate that even the undeveloped fetus be numbed before his "termination," on the *chance* (after all, we don't *know* he's not human, do we?) that he feels pain as he dies. But to acknowledge his pain would be perilously close to acknowledging his humanity, and abortion advocates are sensitive enough to sense *that*; so they can say nothing about it, lest they jeopardize the plausibility of their case. For the same reason, they avoid such earthy and time-honored idioms as "with child." In time they will learn to avoid with greater consistency such terms as "mother" and "father" as well. They are learning all the time.

III. The Cultural Context

At the level of politics, the meaning of the Edelin trial is not altogether clear. There is now under way an intensive campaign, abetted, so far as seemliness permits, by the news media, to make Dr. Edelin appear as a martyr, persecuted for the routine performance of an honest day's work: it is even pointed out that he worked overtime, when all the other doctors had gone home, providing the poor with his "service."

At the same time, Edelin's allies are doing what they can to discredit the jury, the prosecution, and the community itself. The jury is described as "predominantly Roman Catholic," and therefore by implication incapable of deciding with the objectivity of, say, a jury of atheists. (Ironically, Edelin had expected acquittal: his own $10,000 pretrial survey showed that over 80 per cent of those sharing the demographic profile of the probable jury inclined to his side.) One juror is said to have exclaimed of Edelin, "That nigger is guilty as sin"; a remark that suggests not only his own sentiments, but also what he felt the others would tolerate. It follows that the verdict was, yes, "racist." The whole trial is said to have been motivated by an anti-abortion animus, the manslaughter charge being a pretext. Whether all these charges will stick is hard to say; perhaps they will merely increase the general confusion and weariness with the subject. That would be a victory of sorts for the pro-abortion forces.

One must ask, why Edelin? On the face of it, he is a dubious hero for the champions of permissive abortion. He killed a well-formed child, whether with technical legality being a secondary point. Prudence would seem to recommend that the pro-abortionist keep a discreet distance from such a case, and take refuge in the usual banalities about the "complexities" and "sensitivity" of

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the issue. But Edelin, like his client and his victim, is a Negro. The case can be presented as the lynching of a black Marcus Welby by a bigoted community.

Another view of the trial's meaning is offered by a Washington lawyer, quoted in the *Lifeletter* of The Ad Hoc Committee in Defense of Life, who has advised legislators on both sides of the issue: "The biggest point anti-abortionists have won is that here, for the first time, an ordinary citizens' jury has been forced to face up to what abortion actually involves, and all that it means—and they didn't like it. *That* lesson won't be lost on the average congressman, who realizes that most of his own constituents are average Americans too."

The Sting

The root assumption of Henry Kissinger's Middle Eastern diplomacy has been that a) Egypt could be separated from its alliance with the Soviet Union, and b) Egypt would come to perceive that its interests diverge from those of Syria, if c) Israel could be persuaded to give President Anwar Sadat enough to make it worth his while politically.

In the first round of this many-handed game, Kissinger's diplomacy acquired some momentum, as they say. Sadat noisily expelled a large number of Soviet military advisers, the Israelis made minor withdrawals from the bank of the Suez Canal, and the Canal, in consequence, will be reopened, while the Soviets made indignant sounds about U.S. imperialism. In this first round of play, be it noted, however, the Soviet Union made the most important and the most concrete strategic gains. The reopening of the Canal will provide the Soviets with naval access to the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean, where, be it further noted, the focus of strategic attention is now shifting.

The second round of play is currently under way, and it begins to look as if Secretary Kissinger may have been set up by the other players. Last December, when Leonid Brezhnev canceled his trip to Cairo, this was interpreted as evidence of further strain in the relations between Moscow and Cairo. Here, at least, Kissinger's diplomacy appeared to be working. President Sadat, in addition, voiced all sorts of chagrin over the refusal of the Soviets to resupply his army, and so forth. What was not known at the time was that, simultaneously, Egyptian military leaders in Moscow were making arrangements for a huge arms delivery. Now, it turns out, Egypt will get 48 MiG-23s, an advanced fighter, the latest anti-aircraft weapons, and 500 new tanks, mostly the advanced T-62 model. Egyptian military strength has now been restored, by the Soviets, to its pre-Yom Kippur War level. And, you guessed it, the visit of Secretary Brezhnev to Cairo is on again.

While Kissinger was attempting to separate Egypt from both the Soviet Union and Syria, President Sadat was skillfully engaged in the classic Third World game of

Blaine, *Hamilton Spectator*, Canada Rothco

playing one superpower against the other for real but limited gains, and the Soviets were cooperating in the charade in order to make genuine strategic advances. At the end of the second round of play, U.S. gains from Kissinger's diplomacy are . . . zero.

For this Mr. Kissinger himself is not necessarily to be blamed, though in the end he is only too likely to emerge as the scapegoat. As conceived by Nixon and Kissinger, balance of power diplomacy requires one ingredient which is now in short supply: U.S. military, political, and economic power. Influence is not primarily a matter of diplomatic skill, which Kissinger has in abundance, but of GNP, balance of payments, weapons delivery systems, research and development projections, ships on station, available bases, overall strategic trends, credibility of commitments. When Secretary Kissinger sits down at the international poker table, the hand he has to play is a weak one, and it is growing weaker.

The Military Regimes

The world, from a certain perspective, can be neatly divided into peace-loving peoples' republics, on the one side, and warmongering imperialist dictatorships, on the other. But when we look at figures on military expenditures published by the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, we get a somewhat different picture of just who the real hawks are. Cuba, for example, spends 5 per cent of GNP for military purposes and has 16 soldiers for every thousand citizens. The "military regime" in Brazil, by contrast, spends 2.1 per cent of GNP on the military, and has four soldiers per thousand citizens. In Albania 10 per cent of GNP goes to the military, and the country has 23 military men per thousand residents. South Africa gets by with 2.5 per cent of GNP for military purposes, and 1.7 soldiers per thousand. Poor countries spend a significantly larger fraction of their output on the military than do their supposedly imperialistic big neighbors. Several liberators of the Third World

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have followed the progressive pattern of Uganda, where military spending nearly quadrupled in a single year, and the guns are often pointed at the country's own residents.

Where countries are split into Communist and capitalist regions, the comparison is especially revealing. North Vietnam devotes 25 per cent of GNP to military uses, compared with 18 per cent in South Vietnam. Comparable figures are 9.4 per cent for North Korea and 3.9 per cent for South Korea. East Germany has a dozen soldiers for every thousand people, while West Germany gets by with eight.

The distinction between welfare and warfare states breaks down again when we learn that Sweden devotes 3.5 per cent of GNP to military purposes, while militaristic Spain spends only 3.1 per cent on the military. Red China gives 8.2 per cent of GNP to the military, but the military-industrial complex in Japan has to struggle along with less than 1 per cent. The Soviet Union now has 4.2 million people in the armed forces, compared with our 2.1 million. Soviet military expenditures grew three times as fast as ours over the past decade, and such expenditures may represent as much as 10 per cent of GNP compared with 6 per cent here. Considerable Soviet military expenditure is doubtless concealed as science or foreign aid or some other euphemism. "None of Soviet defense spending," explains Victor Perlo in the *Daily World*, "is used for neocolonial interventions [Hungary? Czechoslovakia?], or for the support of puppet dictators [Castro?]."

Whenever we hear that some non-Communist country is a "military regime," it helps to quantify the issue in order to keep things in perspective. In this brutish world, a nation with no military at all would soon become an appendage to some ambitious sovereignty. In the resulting arms race, however, some are clearly more equal than others.

Free and Freer Speech

The recent descent on the campuses of various Watergate alumni has raised anew those questions of free speech that are so regularly obfuscated by assorted pundits and university officials. Colleges anxiously debate whether such rascals as John Dean and Ron Ziegler are to be permitted to profane those august pulpits ordinarily reserved for the likes of Dan Berrigan, Jane Fonda, Dan Ellsberg, assorted Panthers, Maoists, and veterans of Attica. It is rather as if the denizens of a nudist colony were to take counsel among themselves on the propriety of admitting Fanne Foxe.

On Ziegler at Boston University, the *New York Times* put in its twenty cents' worth, to the effect that "the free exchange of ideas" is at stake, and that "the academic community destroys its credibility and the university betrays its sacred trust," etc., unless speaking invitations are extended even unto reprobates like Ziegler—who is thus artfully discredited before he is listened to.

Rockefeller the Magnificent

He isn't fading like the Cheshire cat;
He's swelling like a Malcolm Forbes balloon.
Though now he tinkers with the thermostat,
His New York deficits made grown men swoon.
He'd blow a billion in an afternoon.
(Observe the mall in Albany, and weep.)
Seigneurial as any Dutch patroon,
He can't conceive of living-on-the-cheap.
Unlike Bo-Peep, if Rocky lost his sheep
He'd simply cable Melbourne for some more.
I think this country needs Uriah Heep:
We'll get the Maharajah of Lahore.
As we submit our wallets to be gored,
Remember Ford—he brought the guy on board.

W. H. VON DREELE

And, simultaneously, across the page, Tom Wicker pointed out that the right to speak does not include the right to receive "fat fees" for doing so.

Meanwhile, up at New Haven, a special committee, headed by C. Vann Woodward, issued a lofty report condemning those Yalies who last spring shouted down a scheduled debate between William Shockley and William Rusher. "The history of intellectual growth and discovery," one paragraph proclaims, "*clearly demonstrates* the need for unfettered freedom, the right to think the unthinkable, discuss the unmentionable, and challenge the unchallengeable" (our emphasis). "We take a chance," runs the very next paragraph, "as the First Amendment takes a chance, when we commit ourselves to the idea that the results of free expression are to the general benefit in the long run, however unpleasant they may appear at the time. The validity of such a belief *cannot be demonstrated conclusively*" (our emphasis). Taken together, these two passages seem to mean that freedom of speech (or "expression," whatever you want to call it) is a good thing, and that this is either obvious, or unprovable, or both, and that in any case the Woodward committee devoutly believes in it. Meanwhile, back at the *Times*, Anthony Lewis hails the report as "a philosophical exposition of the classic case for freedom," just as, one supposes, he would admire the classic lucidity of Ossian.

For all the highfalutin cant, it is never made clear in what sense freedom of speech is a "right." A moral right? Not absolutely: nobody has the right to lie, or to slander, or to betray confidences, or to generate ill feeling, or to abuse the power of speech in any of a thousand other ways in which it is nevertheless daily abused. A civil right, then? But that depends precisely upon positive law: if the law limits or denies one's right to make certain kinds of utterance, speech is to that extent unfree. The promiscuous invocation of the First Amendment ignores both the historical provenance of that

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

When George Wallace arrived in Washington for the governors' conference, he brought along two governors to describe to the press that he is robust enough to run again in 1976. Readers are advised to remember the doctors FDR produced in 1944 to describe his robust health.

■ It is with heavy heart and sinking spirits that Cato announces: Hubert Humphrey may have a tiny idea of running for President. His astonishingly rambunctious performance on *Meet the Press* the other day was part of his effort to use his position as Chairman of the Joint Economic Committee to make him a principal economic spokesman for the Democratic Party. Humphrey is another in the long line of Democrats who would like to be President, but who do not have the energy for a full-scale campaign. These hopefuls will be hoping for a deadlocked —and brokered—convention.

■ Former Senator Eugene McCarthy, who fooled people once before with a lackadaisical, meandering political enterprise, showed up the other day in West Virginia at an anti-stripmining rally. His campaign as the presidential candidate of, well, the Committee for a Constitutional Presidency, keeps him on the move, and will be a litmus test of liberal passion, especially if the left wing of the Democratic Party fails, as it thus far has failed, to produce a candidate who fills the vacuum on the left. Thus far Congressman Morris Udall has not caught fire, and Senator Frank Church, busy purifying the Central Intelligence Agency, is not available for campaign travels.

■ A Republican governor in Mississippi? Stranger things have happened. And it could happen if Gil Carmichael gets the nomination. In 1972 Carmichael ran a strong race against Mississippi's senior senator, James Eastland, at a time when Mr. Nixon was acting (e.g., sending then Attorney General Richard Kleindienst to visit Eastland and stay at his home) to help Eastland get reelected.

■ Defense Secretary James Schlesinger, most of whose budget goes for payroll costs, warned Congress: the Soviet Union has increased its forces by one million while the U.S. has been reducing its military manpower to a point 600,000 *lower* than the level that existed *before* the Vietnam escalation ten years ago. It is not recorded that Congress wept with remorse.

■ More figures to demonstrate that inflation is increasing taxes by floating individuals into higher tax brackets: by midsummer 1974 the output of the U.S. economy was contracting and federal tax revenues were running 16 per cent —$34 billion—over the 1973 level.

■ Now *that* is a helluva way to run a railroad. The Penn Central said that if Congress did not pump in about $400 million in subsidies, it would go out in the back yard and eat worms—and also would shut down. The subsidy was produced.

■ You are not going to believe this, but some feminists are asking the Federal Trade Commission to crack down on those National Airline advertisements in which a comely lady says, "I'm gonna fly you like you've never been flown before." Having tried without effect to pressure National into dropping these vulgar (not to mention ungrammatical) ads, the feminists are asking the FTC to declare that the claim is unsubstantiated and hence constitutes deceptive advertising.

■ For such stuff colleges and universities are paying John Dean gobs of cash: "I'm not sure if John Mitchell would survive in normal prison conditions. He'd never know when someone would put a shiv in his back when he's asleep."

—CATO

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amendment (as a mere limitation on the jurisdiction of the Federal Government: "*Congress* shall make no law . . .") and the specific meaning of "the freedom of speech" (which meant, as Professor Leonard Levy has shown, only such freedom of speech as already existed at the time of ratification).

Ever since Justice Holmes, liberal thought in America has emphasized his dubious dictum that "the best test of truth is the power of thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market. . . . That," Holmes added, and the Woodward report seems to echo him, "is the theory of our Constitution. It is an experiment, as all life is an experiment." Free speech becomes a process rather than a right or possession: its justification becomes its social utility. Thus is John Stuart Mill read into the First Amendment, and the First Amendment into everything else. One university dean is casually reported to have said it is the university's duty not only to permit, but even to encourage "heterodox, dangerous thoughts."

The terms of liberal discourse, in short, are not truth and falsehood, for these naturally tend to delimit the range of permissible speech; but orthodoxy and heresy. The more heresy, in fact, the better: this is termed "diversity." Thus Professor Thomas I. Emerson of Yale, insofar as his *Toward a General Theory of the First Amendment* (what a title!) can be made sense of, seems to want the government actually to foster dissent: "the state has not only the power but also the obligation to control the conditions under which freedom of expression can function [sic] for the general welfare," thereby "facilitating necessary social and political change and keeping a society from stultification and decay."

What emerges in successive rationalizations of the ever more nearly absolute "right" of free speech is that the "right" is the lubricant of liberal progress. It is a right, therefore, that inheres in society as a whole, because it supposedly promotes the common good (usually envisioned, as Emerson's rhetoric suggests, as some redistributionist scheme); only rarely is it now asserted as inhering in the individual in respect of his nature and status as a free man. The problem then becomes, one might think, not so much whether Ron Ziegler's rights are abridged, as whether those students who want the full range of opinion on a controversial subject have the right to hear him. But since a Ziegler presumably can say nothing to promote "necessary social and political change," it is when *his* right to speak is at issue that the liberal academics and pundits abruptly revert from construing free speech as the right of the audience to con-

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struing it as the right of the speaker; thus removing from it the customary rhetorical supports, and undercutting its claims within the liberal ambience. Ziegler can speak, says Wicker, but not for a "fat fee"; let Ziegler eat cake.

Though trivial in itself, the Ziegler controversy opens vistas down which Mr. Wicker has never gazed. Had the scheduled speaker been Angela Davis, the whole fuss would never have occurred. She speaks, every day, unmolested, undenounced, paid. But suppose she had been the one disinvited, then reinvited at a lower fee, we daresay Mr. Wicker would have avoided snide phrases about her "fat fees" and her not having "confessed to any crime." His column would probably have run something like this: "It is perhaps arguable that the First Amendment has not been technically violated. But in the absence of access to the usual channels and forums of a democratic society, constitutional guarantees are emptied of real meaning. The university's decision effectively to ban Miss Davis from its premises, or—at best—to relegate her to a status below that routinely accorded less 'controversial' speakers, is fraught with ominous implications for First Amendment freedoms—not just for her, but for every American."

The lesson of the Ziegler affair is this. All of us have the right to speak. Especially some of us.

Sins Scarlet and Sins Overlooked

The sentencing of four Nixon aides, including a former attorney general, gives the appearance that the great American system of justice though slow is sure. After the presentation of the evidence, the defendants were duly convicted of violating statutory law in a court of competent jurisdiction by a properly constituted jury, etc. Even so, there remains a nagging sense of injustice, similar to that felt when one motorist gets a speeding ticket while another, who was passing him, does not.

There is, for example, the belief, though not the proof, that Lyndon Johnson greatly surpassed Nixon in venality—at least in financial affairs. When Mr. Johnson first went to Congress he was a poor boy, Nixon-poor. But after a lifetime in Washington, in Congress and the Executive, Johnson died leaving a fortune of—well, in those ranges it's hard to value exactly—over $10 million. There is no proof of impropriety but then there was no Watergate press corps prying into his affairs. If, before the proof was in on Nixon, one was entitled—or obliged because he was a public official—to be suspicious of his activities, why is not one entitled to be suspicious about the manner in which Johnson accumulated his very large fortune—at least when one is judging Nixon's conduct in connection with his tax returns? We need not go into the Bobby Baker case here; it is sufficient to mention it.

There seems to be little doubt now about what was hinted at during the Watergate investigations: that Johnson used wiretapping against his political rivals in 1964 and also against Nixon in 1968. And that Bobby Kennedy bugged Martin Luther King. And that even Franklin Roosevelt lived by unorthodox procedures.

The point is less that the improprieties of Mr. Nixon's predecessors occurred than that many of them were known to the Watergate committees and the press but were covered up by them, with the result—*and for the purpose*—of isolating Mr. Nixon's sins and controlling the perspective from which they were viewed.

As the shady deals of previous Presidents become known, Nixon, and perhaps his aides, will tend to be viewed in a somewhat different light. But that is not likely to happen soon, given the saturation of the public with stories about Mr. Nixon to the exclusion of all others.

Money Madness

There is a lot of rather confused discussion going on about whether the rate of growth in the stock of money (currency and checks) either can or should be speeded up. The answer is a qualified "yes," money growth can and should be somewhat faster. As always, there is great danger of overreaction, owing to a general misunderstanding of how the Federal Reserve's actions affect money, and of how sudden variations in money growth affect prices, production, and interest rates.

The rate of money growth remained close to a 6.8 per cent trend from 1970 through mid-1974. Then, money growth was suddenly stopped—rising at only about a 1 per cent rate from July through mid-February, and actually falling at a 5 per cent rate in the latter two months. That is a much more rapid and unsettling reversal of policy than was advisable (and advised: see "A Program for Disinflation," *NR*, June 21, 1974).

Zero money growth after a period in which a 12 per cent inflation was built into price expectations and the cost structure has essentially the same effect as a 12 per cent reduction in the money supply after a lengthy period of zero inflation—namely, a sharp decline in production. Businesses became locked into contracts with inflated prices for labor, materials, and credit, in the expectation that prices could be increased enough to cover the cost. When businessmen found that they couldn't get away with another price increase—the money simply wasn't there—most had no choice but to reduce production and employment and to liquidate excess inventories as profitably as possible. This puts downward pressure on prices of labor, materials, and credit, and production can eventually resume at the lower rate of inflation that corresponds to the slower expansion of money.

In short, it is the sudden reduction of inflation *per se* that can be blamed for most of the recession. We have already gone through the major part of this painful readjustment, but many voices are asking us to throw

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away the reduced inflation that has been won so hard. A bill introduced by Henry Reuss, and only narrowly set aside, would have instructed the Fed to increase money by 6 per cent *or more*, without upward limit. That might not be immediately inflationary, if it put idle capacity to work without bumping into bottlenecks, but it would surely be inflationary within two years. The proper target, if one is looking beyond the 1976 election, should contain a floor *and* a ceiling, something around 3 to 5 per cent.

The too rapid shift to too tight money generated a recession, which in turn reduced inflationary expectations and the demand for credt. This caused interest rates to plummet, though the pundits who litter the financial pages continue to attribute falling interest rates to an "easing" of monetary policy.

A particularly dangerous idea, quite reminiscent of the Thirties, is that the Federal Reserve is powerless to increase the money supply because a) loan demand is slack, or b) banks have "excess" reserves. The truth is that people are holding more currency now, which leaves a smaller portion of bank reserves available to support credit expansion. The money supply must, as a consequence, be smaller than otherwise. Lowering required reserves may not offset this currency drain, because the threat of bank failure tends to keep reserves above required levels anyway (though not abnormally so at present). There is always some interest rate at which people can be induced to borrow, and banks would rather loan at that rate than keep infinite amounts of reserves at zero interest. Something is better than nothing, and there would be no shortage of applicants for 2 per cent mortgages. Moreover, the banks can expand deposits by simply making investments, such as purchasing bonds. This talk about "you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink" is a perfectly accurate description of the behavior of horses, but it has little relevance to the credit market. If the Fed will ignore interest rates, which are falling because inflation and production are falling, and concentrate instead on buying securities to increase bank reserves, it is quite possible to maintain a moderate and steady growth in the money supply.

Arthur Burns is right that a too rapid increase in money would do little to alleviate the consequences of last year's policies, but it would do a lot to push up inflation and put an inflationary premium back into interest rates. Henry Reuss is right that an overly restrictive monetary policy is a root cause of our present problems, and a threat to recovery. Between these two notoriously immodest gentlemen stands the diminutive Milton Friedman, dead right as usual, quietly reminding us that money growth should never fluctuate wildly in either direction.

A Modest Proposal

I've got a proposition
  That's on the up-and-up:
Instead of cornering a bank
  Or Daimler-Benz or Krupp,
The sheiks should buy positions
  In CBS-TV;
Then later add the *New York Times*
  And maybe *Newsweek*. (Whee!)
With Faisal ghosting columns
  And Cronkite off the air,
It's barely possible that Ford
  Could be more doctrinaire.

W. H. VON DREELE

P. G. Wodehouse, R I P

With England in the shape she's in nowadays, any sign that it's not all over is welcome: on New Year's Day England made up her thirty-year quarrel with P. G. Wodehouse, knighting him in the nick of time, six weeks before he died.

England's fight with Wodehouse (it was never mutual) arose because she did not understand that in some matters he was as unworldly as his own Bertie Wooster. During World War II, passing through Berlin, he was asked by an American radio correspondent to broadcast to America. Both the Germans and the English ignored the substance of his utterly nonpolitical broadcasts, the former making propaganda use of the simple fact that a distinguished English writer was broadcasting from Berlin, the latter accepting the implication. Wodehouse went to live in America, becoming an American citizen in the mid-1950s.

Being out of his own country, of course, had no effect on his art. It would be impossible to tell from internal evidence whether a particular Wodehouse novel was written in 1923 or 1962. The Woosters and Fink-Nottles and Psmiths and Cheesewrights speak a language that was never spoken by Englishmen, and inhabit a world that probably even the dreamiest Earl never inhabited. Actually, it was because of this that Wodehouse helped the British war effort as inadvertently as he had hurt it. Malcolm Muggeridge explained in his autobiography: "The Germans, in their literal way, took his work as a guide to English manners and used them when briefing their agents for a mission across the Channel. Thus, it happened that an agent they dropped into Fen country was wearing spats—an unaccustomed article of attire which led to his speedy apprehension."

At 93, P. G. Wodehouse had averaged a novel a year since coming of age. Many of his plots were markedly alike, but that hardly matters in novels that were, in Wodehouse's phrase, musical comedies without music. As verbal contraptions, they are unbeatable: " 'I rose today with the lark and, I think, the snail. Jeeves!'

" 'Sir?'

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" 'Didn't you tell me once that snails were early risers?'

" 'Yes, sir. The poet Browning, in his *Pippa Passes*, having established that the hour is seven A.M., goes on to say, "The lark's on the wing, the snail's on the thorn." '

" 'Thank you Jeeves. I was right, Aunt Dahlia. When I slid from between the sheets, the lark was on the wing, the snail on the thorn.'

" 'What the devil are you babbling about?'

" 'Don't ask me; ask the poet Browning.' "

And flights of angels sing him to his rest.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

The current verbal SAT scores for students at (expletive deleted) University (the percentages are supplied embarrassedly by the Director of Freshman Courses):

A. Mean: c. 400 verbal SAT.

B. "50 per cent of freshman class" below 400.

C. "20 per cent at most" with over 500 verbal SAT.

D. Grades for introductory literature courses (English 101/102, courses in the required humanities that nearly all students take): "60 per cent As and Bs."

Conclusions:

1. While only 20 per cent of all students have verbal SAT scores exceeding 500, 60 per cent of all students get A or B marks, 10 per cent, if not far more, of these A and B students being necessarily below 400 verbal SAT.

2. [Unintelligible] University is a synecdoche: a typical Midwestern teacher-oriented university of 18,000 students.

3. An endemic, unwitting reduction of standards (the 20 per cent *supra* 500, the 50 per cent *sub* 400, and the 60 per cent As and Bs constituting an inexcusable anomaly).

4. So what? you ask (the instructors are merely being friendly, charitable). An inflation of grades, meaning: these A and B students, a high number of whom simply cannot be, are misrepresented to employers who think them in fact A or B caliber. The upshot: many of these "quality" students will soon teach your kids and mine. And unless we can afford publicly *un*supported private education, our kids are locked into a school system whose teachers' credentials are misrepresentatively inflated, if not often false.

An A isn't what it used to be; and while some college Yahoos may like everybody being above average, it sure as hell doesn't do my kids any good.

(Name Withheld)

■ MEMO TO: WFB
FROM: JPM

I think a lot of our readers would like to see Vol. I, No. 1 of the new quarterly *The Human Life Review*. It is a very substantial publication, as you know. In the initial number there are articles on "A Human Life Amendment" (by Senator James L. Buckley); "Abortion: Another Form of Birth Control?" (by Dr. André E. Hellegers); "Why a Constitutional Amendment?" (by John T. Noonan Jr.); "The Wages of Crying Wolf" (by John Hart Ely); "Jewish Views on Abortion" (by Rabbi Dr. Immanuel Jakobovits); "Abortion: Rhetoric and Cultural War" (by M. J. Sobran); and an extensive appendix section. Single copy price is $2.50. It is published by The Human Life Foundation Inc., Room 540, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

■ MEMO TO: WFB
FROM: Joe Sobran

Some time ago ["Notes & Asides," Nov. 24, 1972] you published a letter from Hugh Kenner on the abuse of "hopefully," as in "Hopefully, they'll be back tonight." He argued that this is "a lazy way of saying 'I hope that.' " Such is my respect for Professor Kenner that I have waited two years to contradict him. But I must.

In terms of the pre-Chomsky grammatical categories we learned long ago, such a construction appears to be illogical, since the adverb does not seem to modify the verb (or indeed any other part of the sentence). Yet many similar constructions don't offend: "Frankly, I dislike them," after all, doesn't mean "I frankly dislike them." (Granted—oh dear, how intricate it gets—we sometimes say "I frankly dislike them" to mean I, frankly, dislike them.") "Regrettably, he could not stay." "Presumably their money had run out." "Actually . . . Confidentially . . . Certainly . . ." Such expressions, which might be called "dangling adverbs," are legitimized by their own currency: common law propriety.

Now "regrettably" and "confidentially" mean something distinct from "I regret that" and "I confide that." They don't refer to anything *within* the sentences they begin; and they aren't statements about their sentences. They are more like gestures, clues to the nature and spirit of the utterance they introduce, and to the way it is meant to be taken. They are the verbal equivalents of shrugs, whispers, raised eyebrows. Such is "hopefully."

So I submit that "hopefully" is an idiom whose time has come. It may, in a given case, represent an evasion of a different construction. But not necessarily. Whether it is culpable is more an ethical than a formal question, and to answer it universally and in advance is to make syntax as the crow flies.

Should Mr. Kenner care to reply, kindly allow me two years to prepare a rebuttal; three years for a really crushing one.

—WFB

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Tucking It Away

ARGUING FOR the kind of tax rebate plan that the House Ways and Means Committee favors—a plan giving the bulk of the benefits to lower income families and individuals—Senator Charles Percy said that such low income recipients "will pour it [the money] back into the spending stream, not just tuck it away." Fascinating: "not just tuck it away." That is a revealing choice of words.

It is true that lower income people are especially apt to spend an especially large chunk of any rebate especially fast. But it also is true that what Mr. Percy calls "tucking away" money is, by another name, saving. Saving, by another name, is the product of thrift. Thrift used to be considered a virtue. Indeed, it used to be considered the private virtue from which public blessings flowed. But today, as Mr. Percy's choice of words imply, and as the House Ways and Means Committee's steeply progressive rebate plan implies, thrift—saving money, "tucking it away"—is considered subversive of prosperity, and harmful to recovery.

Never mind that a penny saved (as Benjamin Franklin would have said if he had had a way with words) often is a penny placed in a savings and loan account, which becomes mortgage money that stimulates housing construction, which employs people who buy color television sets from people who can then replace the family station wagon, thereby enabling the radial tire manufacturers to employ people . . . You get the idea.

Obviously Mr. Percy and the many other representatives and senators who agree with him have a strong argument of simple justice on behalf of giving special benefits to lower income individuals: the government, which caused the inflation, should give extra aid to those people who are hurt worst by the inflation—especially when the help is just rebates of the taxpayers' own money.

But it is still well to remember that there was a time, not so very long ago, when it was considered a vice not to save—"tuck away"—as much as possible. Thrift was not just the virtue of a people bent on developing their nation. Thrift produced savings; savings produced investment; investment produced things like steel mills, which produced rails for railroads which carried farm machinery to the West for breaking the prairie, and carried grain east to feed the urban workers who made steel and farm machinery. The cast of mind that prevails in a Washington fixated on the idea of stimulating consumption, quickly, reflects the unspoken (because unconscious) assumption that the U.S. is "done" developing and can now dispense with the old time virtue of accumulating, saving, thriftiness.

Unfortunately, it is true today, as it often is, that conservatives have the unpleasant task of calling society's attention to unappetizing tasks. In this regard, conservatives should consider the views of Richard Whalen, one of the conservatives most respected in Washington government circles. In his fine new book *Taking Sides*, Whalen writes:

> The conservatives have not yet evolved anything resembling a coherent, systematic program for implementing their avowed principles. These hang suspended in mid-air, unsupported by concrete analysis and a plan of action. . . . A contemporary conservative program, it seems to me, must begin with a rigorous, clear-eyed analysis of the American economy, the role of government in it, and the mechanisms for achieving socially desirable ends, such as expanded private ownership of assets producing not only human happiness but also the capital essential to the next generation's freedom, progress, and well-being.

HERE IS the heart of the problem.

The government's operations have been requiring an ever larger share of the nation's "accumulation." This is primarily because Americans, as "consumers" of government, enjoy consuming more government services than they are willing to pay for in taxes. So they pay through the covert, indirect tax of inflation. And once inflation is raging, and the inflation psychology has gripped the country, consumption of both public and private sector goods and services becomes more attractive relative to savings.

The government recently revised its inflation rate figure for the fourth quarter of 1974. The revision was up —from 13.7 to 14.4 per cent. That final figure is now 10 percentage points higher than the rate of inflation was in August 1971, when Mr. Nixon reluctantly yielded to intense public pressure and, agreeing that the inflation rate was intolerably high, imposed wage and price controls. Obviously a 14.4 per cent inflation rate does not encourage people to put money in thrift institutions that pay interest rates less than half the rate of inflation.

SO CONSERVATIVES say, reasonably: cut the size of the government, or at least begin to cut the rate of growth of the government's share of the nation's wealth. *But conservatives say this without effect, and they have not yet come to terms with this lack of effect.*

Gerald Ford has deeply conservative instincts regarding the economy. His two principal economic advisers—Treasury Secretary William Simon and Alan Greenspan, Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers—are men who share Mr. Whalen's understanding of the conservative task. Yet Mr. Ford and his aides have felt it necessary to acquiesce in the astonishing, frightening budget that is the root cause of the disaffection voiced by conservatives at a recent political action conference in Washington (see Daniel Oliver's report, page 276).

So here is a fact conservatives must face: there is no conceivable political action that can be expected to put three men more conservative than Messrs. Ford, Simon, and Greenspan in charge of the nation's economic policy. What good will come from replacing Mr. Ford and his men with other men who, in fact, subscribe to the same ideas that Mr. Ford and his men accept? What Mr. Whalen is saying is that conservatives need some new ideas, and he is right. Sacking a President is not a new idea. □

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THE ROCKEFELLER COMMISSION

Is There a CIA In Your Future?

MILES COPELAND

DEAR BILL: I did my best. But after this last attempt to "get at the truth about the CIA," to use the popular phrase, I'm not even sure of my sanity, much less of my facts. My sanity later; first an observation or two on the way "facts" (quotes being necessary here because where the CIA is the issue, facts and fiction are so hopelessly antangled these days) are flooding Washington.

Apart from the Agency's official spokesmen, just about everybody in or around the CIA seems anxious to spill all he knows. There are a disgruntled few who are inspired to loquaciousness by whatever it was that made them disgruntled, and who feel that in the public-has-a-right-to-know atmosphere pervading Washington at the moment they can say what they like without fear of punishment. There is a larger number, the normally silent majority, who feel compelled to set aside their secrecy oath in order to defend the Agency, and who no doubt figure, what the hell, everyone else is talking so why shouldn't they.

At a cocktail party I attended, a young CIA type, about a GS-11 I think, waved a memorandum his unit had received that morning, and amused the guests by reading aloud passages that referred to "accusations against the Agency, many of which are false," and enjoined employees to "exercise utmost discretion" in their social contacts. He won the glowing approval of some of the guests by concluding, "I will damn well decide for myself what constitutes a 'delicate question' and what I will and will not say about it." Other CIA people at the party were routinely horrified at such an attitude, but they were in no way reticent when it came to giving *their* views—to the extent of blabbing a lot of inside information which, by their own criteria, should not have been discussed in the presence of laymen.

So that's the way it is. There is no difficulty these days in getting what *appears* to be a complete picture of what the CIA has been up to. You see, quite apart from the fact that self-castigation and "telling all" are much in fashion, there is no effective way to prevent U.S. Government employees from revealing the Top Secrets to which they have access, or to prevent those to whom they reveal the secrets from passing them on. Yes, there is an Espionage Act. Were I to take U.S. Government secrets directly to the Soviet Embassy I would be in violation of that Act. So, possibly, would those officials who gave the secrets to me—provided they did so knowing my intention. But I can publish those same secrets in a newspaper or magazine, to which the Soviets have as much access as anyone else—NATIONAL REVIEW, the *New York Times*, or the Communist *Daily World*—and there is nothing the Agency or anyone else can do about it. In fact, anybody who tries to "suppress" me, or tries to deprive the public of its "right to know," will only be helping me to become yet another pop hero like Daniel Ellsberg, Victor Marchetti, or Philip Agee.

The case of Philip Agee is worth examining. He is the author, you will remember, of *CIA Diary: Inside the Company*, which reveals to the world exactly those details of the CIA's operations in South America which the Soviet, Chinese, and Cuban intelligence services have been trying to get for years. The details are presented in the same order in which they would appear in an ordinary agent debriefing, with specifics precisely matching a standard debriefing checklist. Having learned its lesson from "the Marchetti thing," as the CIA Director calls *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*, Marchetti's less revealing book, the Agency instructed its offices throughout the world to lay off Agee, and to avoid giving him the slightest excuse for crying "CIA persecution." All the same, Agee has complained loudly, and persuasively enough to take in much of the press, that he is being pursued by "CIA assassins," and he has gone into hiding in an English village where only a few hundred newspapermen have been able to find him. On a TV interview with NBC's Tom Snyder, held in Canada because he "didn't dare come to the States," he complained that his book was being suppressed by the CIA—although on that very day it was piled high in every bookstore in Britain, nudging aside "the Marchetti thing" as well as a vastly superior work on the CIA which modesty prevents me from naming.

AGEE SEEMS to have been one of the young protestors of the Sixties who came to the conclusion that a friendly neighbor in one or another KGB front might have put this way: "You're doing it all wrong. Cut your hair; buy yourself a Brooks Brothers suit; express capitalist views; join the State Department and the CIA and get at the bastards from within. You'll have some of the best legal brains in the country behind you if you get into trouble, but you won't. Not if you keep your head on your shoulders." A friend of mine at the Agency insists that there are at least thirty or forty of these men and women in the Agency right now,

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and that at least a small percentage may have been converted to out-and-out KGB agents. However, from what we now know of the KGB's newly adopted "franchise system" (about which, more later), this latter point would seem academic.

Agee underwent the CIA training for "field operations," taking, as we may infer from his book, careful notes not only on what he was taught but on his instructors and on the other students; he then got assignments in Ecuador, Uruguay, and Mexico, where he did the same.

In his last two posts, he was detailed to surveillance teams that were observing the activities of Cuban intelligence officers, so that he was in a position where he could have kept the Cubans informed of the CIA's counter-

There is no effective way to prevent U.S. Government employees from revealing . . . Top Secrets

intelligence activities in South America while getting handouts from the Cubans with which to satisfy his CIA employers. So it was that Agee was professionally involved with Cuban intelligence for four years before he came into the open as a "revolutionary socialist," resigned from the CIA, and announced his intention to organize other right-minded CIA employees into a band of vigilantes, operating on a worldwide basis and devoted to the task of "exposing capitalism's political police wherever we can find it," as he put it to Tom Snyder on NBC's *Tomorrow* program.

Subsequent to his resignation from the CIA in 1970, Agee made three trips to Cuba—but not, according to his rather weird explanation, to be debriefed by the KGB. During these Cuban trips, with whatever research assistance he may have found available, Agee worked on his exposé of the CIA which he finished in England. From the point of view of the Cuban and Soviet KGB, *CIA Diary* is an unmixed joy—a real heads-we-win-tails-you-lose proposition—since its untruths are just as useful as its truths. The scores of South American politicians, editors, and businessmen whom Agee names as "CIA agents" are effectively compromised whether (as in some cases) they really were or (as in many) they were not.

THE WAYS of capitalism being what they are, Agee did not have to rely on Havana newspapers to make his revelations known. He found it possible to save himself a lot of trouble, get himself a lot of money, and even steal the limelight from an Ellsberg or Marchetti through the vigorous cooperation of respected British and American publishers. As I've already hinted, Agee's success must be surpassing his wildest dreams. The last I saw of him (two nights ago, as I write this letter), Tom Snyder was patting him on the shoulder and wishing him well as he concluded his NBC interview, the one made in Canada.

I hope your readers won't miss the point of the Agee story, which is this: *any* U.S. Government employee with access to official secrets can reveal *any* of those secrets to the Soviets, the Chinese, and the Cubans simply by publishing them in a newspaper, magazine, or book to which everybody has access. Without effective security legislation even our nation's most sensitive secrets—political, military, scientific—are fair game for kooks of *all* kinds, those who think our government is not "fascist" enough as well as those who, like Agee, think the CIA is "spreading fascism" in aid of a "capitalist class which is causing starvation all over the world." Any sorehead who wants to damage his country by disclosing his government's secrets but isn't smart enough to find an ideological excuse *somewhere* on the spectrum isn't smart enough to have landed himself a sensitive government job in the first place.

I must emphasize, though, that this is the main point of the Agee story as *I* see it. My friends in Langley, Virginia, the CIA headquarters (I suppose I should say "well placed official sources," in the accepted style), see quite another. They are more concerned with the sympathy which attackers of our institutions have been receiving from Congress and from so much of the press. Remember, those boys out in Langley are downright puritanical when it comes to their own reporting. For example, they are trained professionally to think twice before reporting, "The dog chased the cat." ("How do you know the dog was *chasing* the cat?" some nitpicking editor might ask. "Did you read the dog's mind? Maybe he was following the cat, or just happened to be going in the same direction.") So imagine their consternation when they see how tidbits leaked from the Agency are being reported, not by Communist propagandists whose job it is to twist their meaning but by our newspapermen and congressmen.

Would you please bear with me for a paragraph or two while I explain how a CIA analyst goes about his examination of a speech, an official statement, a newspaper editorial, a piece of straight reporting, or any kind of a report coming from a source not under the Agency's own disciplines?

FIRST, he reminds himself that no report is ever motivated by a mere desire to convey information. A "government spokesman" issues statements, however truthful they may be so far as they go, in order to achieve purposes. The CIA analyst therefore is less interested in their content than in the purpose they were designed to serve. A crusading journalist such as the *New York Times*' Seymour Hersh has, by his own admission, a "very strong bias" against certain institutions, among them the CIA, and is committed to seeking "impact"—which, he says, "is my heroin." Other journalists, big and little, simply seek to get their stories printed—"man bites dog" stories being favored by their editors over "dog bites man." What CIA analysts call the "natural slant" of news stories might lead the general public to believe they live in a world where men frequently bite dogs but the opposite seldom happens. It is the job of the CIA analyst to tone down all the adjectives and adverbs, replace all the connotative words with explicitly meaningful ones, make allowances for purpose and bias, and arrive at a dog-bites-man view of the world, one more in accord with the world as it really is.

Mr. Copeland's latest book, Without Cloak or Dagger, *is about the CIA.*

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But leaving aside slanting, bias, and connotations, it is the *selection* of items concerning their organization which most baffles CIA officials. While I was in Washington, for instance, Vice President Rockefeller appeared on a television program to say a number of things about the CIA, and the *only* item to be singled out for reporting the next day was his statement that, yes, his "blue ribbon Commission" did expect to find some irregularities. He would clearly have answered the question which prompted that remark in the same way had the subject of inquiry been the Fish and Wildlife Division of the Interior Department, but this was hardly the impression given by the press the next day. "What in hell is going on?" a bewildered friend of mine almost shouted as he read the press accounts of that Rockefeller interview.

THIS IS what I meant earlier when I said that, like many of my friends in Langley, I am beginning to doubt my sanity. As you know, I made a name of sorts for myself in the intelligence business as a "game player." As I now put myself in the shoes of the Soviets and ask myself what I would do to achieve the Maoist goal, "Deaden the enemy's ability to marshal his military resources," the answer I come up with is that I would organize a campaign against America's institutions, mainly the CIA, exactly like the one that is in fact in progress. My "well placed official sources," who are in possession of worlds of information they have not chosen to confide to me, tell me that such a conclusion is "almost inescapable," the "almost" being necessary since they can't bring themselves to believe that the congressmen and newspapermen who are attacking the Agency are doing so either as conscious agents or as dupes of some vast Communist plot. Nor can I. Either I'm crazy or everybody else is.

I want to make it clear that I got not one scrap of information from any "official spokesman" out in Langley. (My old friend, Angus Thuermer, didn't even answer my telephone call—and, Angus, if you read this please take my word for it that I also got no information from Agency people who are known to be close friends of mine.) All the same, without batting an eye I claim that during my stay in Washington I talked to more "well placed official sources" and got more dependable information out of them than all Washington's professional reporters put together have managed to squeeze out of their various Deep Throats. Lord knows, there is no way of getting a *whole* story on the CIA these days, and for all I know by the time this letter goes to press Dick Helms or Bill Colby may come forth with some startling admission to punch holes in one or another of the items I present here. All the same, I stick to my claim. You are getting a more dependable and more complete picture of the Agency's recent behavior than you could possibly infer from the mass of reports which have flooded the press up to now.

Here, in general, is what Vice President Rockefeller's Commission will find:

1. The CIA did *not* engage in "massive, illegal domestic intelligence operations." Seymour Hersh's *New York Times* story of December 22, which has been so repeated in God-knows-how-many newspapers as to create the impression that there are "widespread allegations on the CIA's domestic spying," was a gross exaggeration of the truth. So was his more ambitious report on February 2 in which he turned ordinary statements into "admissions" and characterized Dick Helms's keeping his mouth shut, when he *should* have kept his mouth shut, as "withholding information." (Incidentally, a college class in journalism would do well to study those two stories to see how truth can be distorted by a crusading journalist, noting in particular Hersh's insertion of such words as "vast," "dozens," and "illegal" into statements which in the original contained no such descriptive words; his "according to well placed government sources" when in fact, as the Agency has since satisfied itself, his assault originated with a single "Deep Throat" on the fringes of the Agency; his quoting of "one official" who said "This could destroy the Agency!" as a means of heightening the drama of the story; his conclusion, "The report of widespread domestic spying suggests that the many mysterious burglaries and incidents that have come to light since the Watergate break-in in June 1972 need to be reexamined.") I happen to believe that Seymour Hersh is motivated by nothing more sinister than a desire to surpass those boys on the *Washington Post* staff who won a Pulitzer Prize for their reporting on Watergate, but I must observe that the Soviets would give their eyeteeth for a team of propagandists who have half his skill at organizing information so as to have the most damaging effect on a hated institution.

2. There is no such thing as a "Counterintelligence Division" in the CIA, nor is there a "Domestic Operations Division" (DOD)—not, anyhow, in forms that even remotely resemble their portrayals in the stories of Seymour Hersh, Tad Szulc, and others. The CIA's top counterintelligence specialist, James Angleton, was indeed the guiding hand of the Agency's extensive operations against Communist intelligence services, but his role after he came to the Agency nearly thirty years ago from the wartime OSS had been purely advisory. His small unit, hardly a "division," consists of ten or 12 analysts and as many clerks. It has no facilities

It happens that there are files on you, me, Seymour Hersh, Spiro Agnew . . .

for "spying" on anyone or even for ordering a surveillance. He was "staff"; those who conduct surveillances, housebreakings, or other such operations are "line." If Jim Angleton or his successor believes an "operation" is required, he so recommends to the DCI (Director of Central Intelligence), who issues the necessary orders through appropriate "command channels." If the operation is to be domestic, the DCI wrestles with his conscience, goes to confession, consults the FBI, and then either passes the buck to the FBI or the Treasury Department or calls in the "Western Hemisphere Division," which does have surveillance facilities of a sort, owing to the fact that its Havana station is now located in Miami, or the security office whose job it is to investigate all prospective employees of the CIA and to keep an eye on actual employees who are suspected of misbehavior. He does not call in something which Tad Szulc, in his masterpiece of nonsense in a recent issue of *New York* magazine, called the "DOD," with its operational office (OO). OO, it happens, is concerned *exclusively* with the interviewing of

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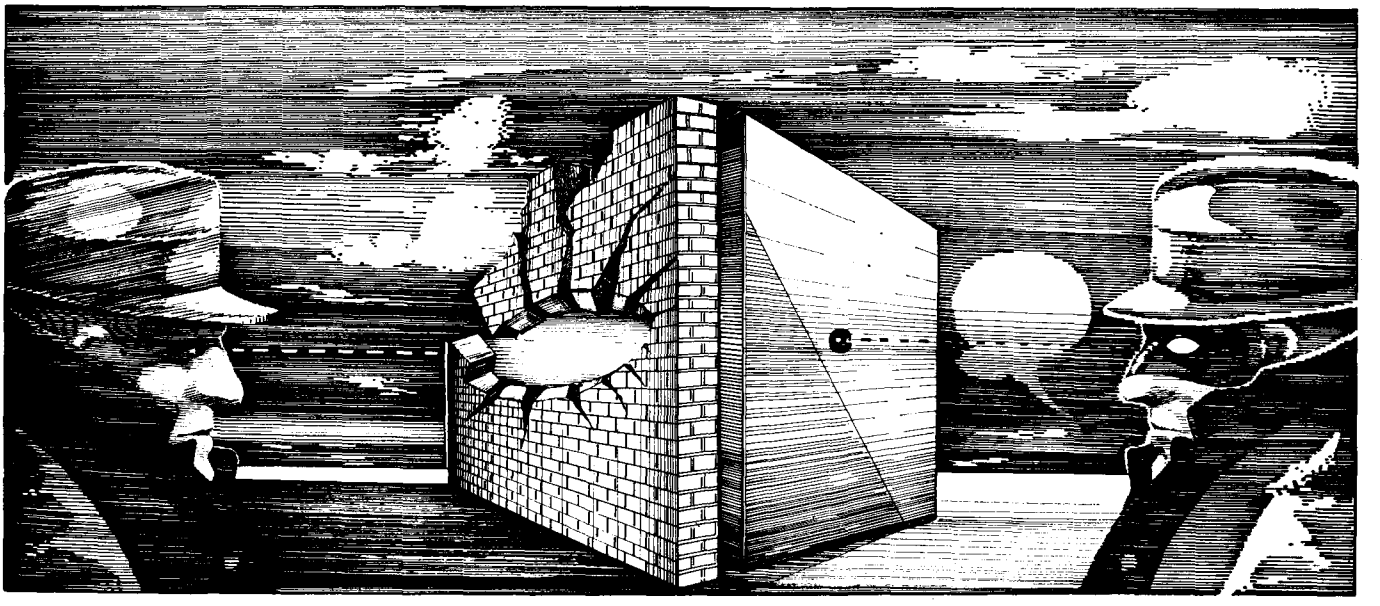

Americans who have traveled abroad *without* having been briefed on what they should look for. Here is my point: almost everything you have read about those mysterious "divisions" of the CIA which have been doing all the "domestic spying" has been false.

3. Also largely false is the picture of Jim Angleton, which has been distorted out of all proportion. *Nobody* knows the truth about Jim, "possibly not even Jim himself," as Dick Helms used to say. What little *I* know of him, from a fairly close professional relationship from 1946 to 1957 and from others who have kept me informed of the results of his work in the counterterrorist field from then on, causes me to suspect that when the truth about him is known the great American public will be wishing that he *had* been doing all those things he has been accused of, and will be calling for the scalps of those responsible for his dismissal. He did indeed recommend the surveillance of antiwar protestors, and he designed means by which the surveillances were to be conducted. But his targets were not mere protestors (although the surveillances had to start with them in the process of moving from the general to the specific) but the agitators among them, some of whom were—and are right now—building the means to bring our entire military machinery to a halt in the event of a major confrontation with the Soviets. He had no part in the actual surveillances besides monitoring them. His forte is not only knowledge of what is going on in the Soviets' "franchise" system, but a talent unique in the field for predicting and understanding its workings. That he should now be singled out for attack, not, initially and directly, by any Communists that I know of but by presumably loyal Americans of liberal bent, gives his former colleagues in Langley pause.

4. About those files which the CIA keeps on American citizens: to start with, the CIA has files on the roughly 16,000 Americans whom it employs, plus perhaps as many more on persons it may one day consider for employment. Also, it has information—files, cards, or mere computer entries—on Americans who have traveled abroad and who are suspected of: a) having become blackmail victims of foreign intelligence services, b) having undergone training in "schools of revolution" in Algeria, Lebanon, Libya, or in one or another of the Communist countries, c) having been in contact with any foreign intelligence organization, or with any foreign government in possible violation of the Logan Act, d) having committed any other act or having made any contact which would involve legitimate targets of the CIA's operations. This information is so integrated with data available to the CIA through tie-ins with other U.S. Government agencies, and with some foreign ones, that it can correctly be said that the CIA "has files on" (*"spies on,"* the *New York Times* would say) *100 million* Americans. So why Seymour Hersh should have settled on the meager figure of 10,000 is a mystery, unless it can be determined that he is referring to a list of about this number that has been passed back and forth between the FBI and the CIA —and he says he isn't.

5. The blue ribbon Commission will almost certainly find that there is no good reason why the CIA should *not* keep files on American citizens, provided the information is strictly for its own use—which, if only for the reason that the boys in Langley aren't up to it, couldn't include any Gestapo-type oppression. It happens that there are files on you, me, Seymour Hersh, Spiro Agnew, and others of us who have come to the Agency's attention in the course of travels abroad but who, so far as I know, have no intention of blowing anything up or of provoking civil disturbances in the event of a confrontation with the USSR. So what? I'm sure *I* don't mind (even though some of the information on me is more embarrassing than that on Miss Eartha Kitt) so long as the *New York Times* can't get at it. (Miss Kitt seems to have missed the point. She has Seymour Hersh, not the CIA, to thank for that publicity she got recently concerning the "investigation" of her which the CIA reportedly conducted at the request of the President of the United States.) The Commission is likely to sympathize, I should think, with the Agency's efforts to keep its information to itself. The danger to civil liberties is not in the mere existence of the files but in the possibility of their being leaked to those who would use them for sensationalist purposes.

6. There are considerable amounts of information in CIA files on U.S. congressmen. How could it be otherwise? Congressmen travel abroad; they have the normal human frailties. And since they lead lives necessarily more blah-blah

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than hush-hush, they are inclined to be skeptical of the cautions given them by security officers of our various embassies. I'm sure your brother Jim and most other congressmen are models of propriety when they travel abroad, but there are some who are not. Some of them get into scrapes. What happens to congressmen in foreign countries can have much more than personal significance. When it comes to the attention of the CIA that Congressman So-and-so has been the victim of, say Egyptian blackmail, should the CIA decline to record this fact?

7. As Vice President Rockefeller has said, the Commission is certain to uncover *some* wrongdoing. Despite its system of "fuses" and other protective devices, which is bound to impress the Commission, the CIA has had its lapses in discipline just like any other government organization, including Congress. But they are trifling. Moreover, it may please those who are so vigorously attacking the CIA to learn that surveillances and break-ins conducted by CIA employees have been directed not against our country's enemies but against other CIA employees—for example, against employees suspected of having taken suitcases full of Top Secret documents to their homes and who, the break-ins established, *had* done so. The surveillances and break-ins against other targets will turn out to have been conducted by what is known as "contract personnel," some of whom are loosely tied to the CIA, some of whom are former "contract" employees who, like Howard Hunt and the Watergate Cubans, have not forgotten their old tricks, and some of whom have never had any contact with the CIA at all. And the reasons for these surveillances and break-ins, given the stakes, will, I believe, stand up under critical but fairminded scrutiny.

I COULD go on and on. I am only saying that any investigating group that gets the full facts on CIA activities over the past few years is bound to conclude that there has been a lot of fuss over nothing, that the few irregularities that may turn up aren't worth spending twenty minutes on, and that its inquiries are within the wrong frame of reference. The *real* question is this: there are *truly* frightening dangers confronting our country, and the CIA is the principal agency capable of combatting them within the bounds of an "alternative war" instead of a nuclear war. Why then this mounting, ill informed, and vicious attack on the CIA? It is as though in 1942 our statesmen and newspaper editorialists had swung their guns from Hitler to Roosevelt and Churchill. The big question is: Why? What is behind it all?

I have already gone on too long. But may I offer the following as the main problems which confront the CIA, and all of us, and which the recent wave of witch-hunting has all but obscured. Let me turn to a situation with which I am very familiar—Britain today, where I make my home.

First, I have been told by British sources who are as "well placed" as it is possible for "official sources" to be that *in the event of war between the United States and the Soviet Union we cannot count on Britain.* The Communists are by no means in "control" of British labor unions, but out-and-out Communists and non-Communist "sleepers" are so placed in strategic spots throughout Britain's docks, transportation systems, and public utilities that, if necessary to prevent their country's involvement in "a capitalist, imperialist, fascist war"—as it would be presented—they could almost instantly paralyze the national infrastructure without which armies, navies, and air forces cannot move. Extremist agitators will riot in front of the American Embassy, Buckingham Palace, and principal government buildings. "Termites" (the KGB's name for politicians and editorialists who wittingly or unwittingly serve its purpose) will make speeches and write newspaper articles attacking us. "Maggots" (the KGB's name for politicians and newspapermen who have no strong political views but who know how to adapt their utterances to the mood of the moment) will fall in behind. The Prime Minister will say, "Sorry, but

For the good of all of us . . . let us hope that Bill Colby lies

there's nothing we can do"—not even jail the agitators because, as the termites would vigorously point out, so doing would be a Gestapo-like interference with civil liberties.

The CIA station in London knows all this and more. But the British are also not so sure, as I was told unofficially, "that *we* [the British] could count on *you* should it be ourselves who were under attack—or, for that matter, that *you* could count on you." Conceivably, Mr. Rockefeller and the others will find that the CIA's professional alarm is exaggerated, but I would judge not.

It seems inconceivable that the CIA's critics should *really* not understand that there is no point in our having an army, a navy, and an air force if they are going to be paralyzed in the event of a showdown, and that *somebody*—whether it is the CIA, the FBI, or some other Agency is unimportant—had better be determining the extent to which our potential enemies *can* deprive us of our ability to mobilize our military resources. Even those who are banking on detente should understand that in any tough negotiating situation, the Soviets will treat us one way if we have military power to call on and quite another way if they know that we don't.

Finally, there are those problems incident to the need of the CIA to do *some* domestic spying in support of its international operations, with or without the FBI. In the good old days of the Comintern, Soviet subversion in our country was controlled by a rigid, pyramid-shaped organizational structure, with orders coming down from the top through numerous echelons, and reports being passed back up from cells at the bottom. Just like General Motors. Operations against Soviet-backed targets in the old days could be intensive rather than extensive; one or two penetrations by our counterintelligence services were enough. Now, however, our enemies operate through a franchise system like Colonel Sanders' Fried Chicken. They locate groups which are bent on "destroying the rotten capitalist-imperialist system," and do not quibble over their feelings about Russia, China, Cuba, or even Communism. They give them whatever funds, equipment, travel facilities, and know-how they need and tell them to go to it. Communist intelligence officers who have defected to the CIA have rarely been able to give their interrogators more than the barest details of the composition of the groups to which their organizations were giving aid,

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or even to detail the precise nature of the group's activities.

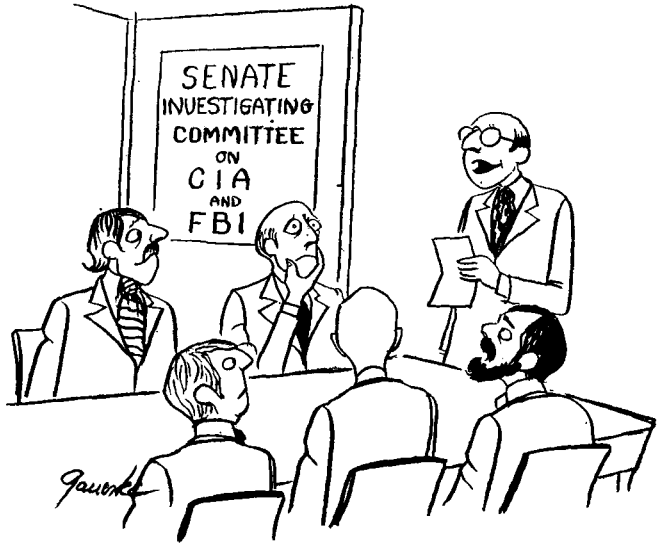
Aid given to extremist groups by some Arab states, notably Libya, has been even more haphazard. CIA agents planted in training camps where young Americans are being taught "urban warfare" say that not even the instructors know the identities of their pupils. "They don't *want* to know the identities," the agents report. The point is that under the franchise systems they don't *need* to know, and by forgoing unnecessary information they have achieved a degree of impenetrability unknown when Jim Angleton first began developing his expertise—particularly disturbing since the technology is near at hand for assembling an atomic explosive to position in some broom closet in Times Square or for manufacturing nerve gas to spray on Manhattan from helicopters. Although the Russians seem to have told their "franchise" groups to cool it for a while, the Libyan, Syrian, Iraqi, and South Yemeni governments have kept up their financial aid and "administrative support" (false passports, use of diplomatic pouches, safe-haven facilities, etc.).

SOME YEARS back a few well placed penetrations, preferably near the top, sufficed; now there are no proper "targets" to penetrate, only countless ephemeral, crudely organized groups that dissolve and regroup so fast that penetrations of them are next to impossible. The new approach is "community surveillance," necessarily involving the amassing of material on literally thousands of persons. The Orwellian connotations of this phrase are unfortunate, but there is no escaping it—except, that is, by tolerating the escalation of terrorism. There is also no escaping the charge that "fascists" in the CIA are only using all this scare talk as an excuse to "orchestrate a plan to push the U.S. toward a police state," as Tad Szulc puts it. But what should the CIA do? Should it, in deference to the current wave of hysteria, suppress its information and let the country take the consequences?

A final, and possibly the most important, point of this letter. My friends in Langley insist that they are going to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth to the Rockefeller Commission. They have complete trust in its members. They are not so much bent on proving their innocence as in proving that the attack on them is nonsense—or worse. When this Commission has finished its hearings, its members are going to be the best informed persons in our country on what the CIA is doing, what it is not doing, and what it *should* be doing. But almost all the Agency people I talked to assured me unashamedly, almost proudly, "Of *course* we are going to lie to the congressional committees." They felt that as loyal Americans they cannot do otherwise—except in the unlikely event the members of the committees can be held accountable for their leaks, impossible in the present atmosphere.

Let me give an example. Let us suppose (I'm not saying he *is*, but let us *suppose*) that Algeria's President Boumédienne is cooperating hand in glove with the CIA in its pursuit of the terrorists who have received sanctuary or training in his country, while appeasing the Palestinians and his own extremists by pretending publicly that he hates us. And let us suppose that some member of Senator Church's committee asks Bill Colby, "Mr. Colby, is it true that President Boumédienne is secretly cooperating with the CIA?"

Well, Mr. Colby will at that moment have before him three alternatives. He can say, "Yes, Senator, that is so"—in which case, past experience tells him, the whole world will be able to read his answer the next day in the *New York Times*, and either Boumédienne's cooperation or Boumédienne himself will be finished. Or he can say, "Sorry, Senator, but that's top secret information"—with the same result, since such an answer will be interpreted as a "yes" by the American press, the American public, the Algerian public, and, of course, the members of the committee. Or he can say, "Who? Did you say *Boumédienne*? My God, I never heard anything so ridiculous." A lie. For the good of all of us, including the congressmen who must take the blame for any leak, let us hope that Bill Colby lies. Our mutual friends at the Agency assure me that he will—or that if he doesn't *he* will be finished, and that some of those who will be first in line calling for his head will be those very congressmen who were supposed to be beneficiaries of his candor.



"We've just received a bomb threat. Whom do we notify?"

MY OWN estimate of the situation is somewhat different I think Bill Colby will be even *more* sensible. I think he will first see to it that the blue ribbon Commission gets the full story, and then, with that Commission behind him, pull aside Senator Church, Senator Baker, and one or two others who distrust the CIA but whose integrity is above question and explain the facts of life to them. Then, I predict, the whole investigative apparatus of the United States Government, including those congressional committees, will turn its guns onto the "termites" and "maggots" in our society who have accomplished for our enemies in months what they, in their wildest dreams, couldn't have hoped to accomplish in years—all in the cause of preserving our civil liberties. Beware, I say, of those who fight to give us what we've already got. Or to protect us from dangers that exist only in their rhetoric. Especially when there are real dangers on the horizon which, all too conspicuously, they are choosing to ignore.

All the best, MILES □

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Taking the Initiative

When the sound of Fifties rock had died away, the ACU-YAF conference had left something important behind: a Committee on Conservative Alternatives

DANIEL OLIVER

LATE SATURDAY AFTERNOON fourteen Nazis climbed aboard an old converted school bus. Dressed in the familiar attire, the little contingent drove slowly through the busy metropolis toward their destination. On their leader's command they left the bus and, as a small crowd watched, more in pity than in fear, they unfurled the flag with its swastika the color of death and took up their stand outside Washington, D.C.'s Mayflower Hotel—in protest of the meeting Young Americans for Freedom was sponsoring inside.

With the American Conservative Union, YAF was holding its second conservative political action conference. It had begun on Thursday evening, February 13, and was to continue through Sunday afternoon. More than five hundred people from across the country attended the four-day meeting, a good crowd considering the cost of registration and accommodations. Last year about 350 showed up. The increase is considerable, though there is always the question: who are the people who come? Are they representative, representatives, or just individual taxpayers? When they vote on resolutions at the end of the conference, what is the significance of their collective decision? Do they count?

At least they know they count more than the platoon of Junior Nazis out front. Just what, I asked the Junior Strassenmarschall, were they doing? Picketing YAF. Why YAF? "Because YAF's way is not the right way," the Strassenmarschall replied with less anger in his face than acne. "YAF is an institution taking America in the wrong direction." Hoping and praying that he was right about YAF's influence (and keeping one eye on two biggies he informed me proudly were the stormtroopers) I asked him why he didn't picket ABC around the corner. Well, he said, the Nazis were at the Mayflower because that's where the media were, but he'd keep ABC in mind.

ABC's coverage of the conference had been less than perfect. It had opened Thursday night with film clips of some of the older members attending the conference, each raising, one after the other, a glass of booze to his lips. Not serious, perhaps, but tasteless. It's a funny business. But no odder, really, than politics.

Representative Robert Bauman (R., Md.), one of the brightest young conservatives, gave the keynote address. His oration deserved and received much applause, but got its biggest ovation for a swing at Rockefeller. The crowd came to its feet—not realizing that the Villain and Senator Buckley were having dinner together at that very moment at a fund-raising affair, "Salute to the Vice President," in New York. Senator Buckley *had* to go, which symbolizes the institutional problem in today's politics that was the particular concern of this year's conference.

Last year's problem was Watergate, which was not a philosophical problem, not a matter that galvanized the faithful to action. What was there, after all, to do? And so the conference was paralyzed in a way this year's was not, notwithstanding newspaper reports that this year's delegates were confused and divided on what to do about President Ford, and whether to try to run a conservative candidate in the Republican Party or start a new party. Certainly they were divided on how best to proceed, but not about their own dissatisfaction with the present Administration.

There was very little outright support for President Ford. Clarke Reed, the Chairman of the Mississippi GOP, said he thought Ford should be given a chance. Few, I think, shared his view. While Ford himself escaped obloquy, his policies took a thrashing.

Representative Philip Crane (R., Ill.), a longtime conservative stalwart, said he still believed the Republican Party to be the best vehicle for conservatives though he admitted that conservatives had been compromised by the Republican fiscal policies, the Philadelphia plan for quotas in hiring, price controls, the legal services corporation, the failure to

Mr. Oliver is NATIONAL REVIEW*'s executive editor.*

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dismantle OEO, etc. But the problem, he maintained, was in Congress, as was the solution. In the past the conservative Democrats have had the positions of power, committee chairmanships, etc., but today they are being forced out. They have as a result, Crane reasons, less incentive to remain in a political party with which they are not in philosophical agreement.

But, argued Daniel Joy, special assistant to Senator Buckley, the name of the game in Washington is still committees and there are still conservative Democrats heading some of those committees. The conservative Democrats should not be encouraged to change parties until their switch would leave the liberal Democrats with only a minority in Congress. Otherwise the liberals will be even more in control than they are now. Anyway, Crane reminded us, Goldwater himself said that even if he had gotten elected in '64 it would have taken him four years to reverse the congressional momentum. What, after all, can a President do?

Set the national dialogue, answered Jeffrey Bell, former legislative director of ACU and now described in the papers as "a West Coast political consultant with close ties to former Governor Ronald Reagan of California." Many very liberal senators campaigned last November with rhetoric that was, if not conservative, at least not liberal. The two primary examples are George McGovern himself and his presidential campaign manager, Gary Hart, the newly elected senator from Colorado. The rhetoric may not survive the trip across the prairie to the halls of Congress, but it indicates that the professional politicians, liberals included, know the true sentiments of the people, sentiments that a truly conservative President should be able to harness. Bell is also skeptical of the argument that just because the Republicans fared so badly in '74 they are bound to bounce back in '76.

M. Stanton Evans, the chairman of ACU, thinks a new political party is needed at the presidential level. The cheers that greeted his announcement indicated pretty clearly that the majority of the delegates agreed. At last year's conference Evans opposed Nixon's resignation on the grounds that Ford wasn't a conservative. With the exception of the appointment of Nelson Rockefeller as Vice President things have gone about as badly as Evans predicted—and in that respect they have gone worse. We now have a President and a Vice President who, says Evans, will continue the liberal drift of Nixon, Johnson, and Kennedy. Evans believes that in spite of the terrible difficulties that starting a new party would present, only a new party offers a good chance of gathering in the votes of the latent conservative majority. But the Republican Party should not be abandoned to the Ripon Society. A parallel effort is required.

That was essentially the position of North Carolina's senior senator, Republican Jesse Helms, the major speaker at the Conservative Awards Dinner on Friday night. Helms spoke after awards had been presented to John Barron for his book, *KGB*; to Representative Sam Steiger of Arizona for doing in the federal land use bill; and to Senator James Allen, Democrat of Alabama, for tying up the liberals in parliamentary knots. Allen is still at it, devising ways to preserve the filibuster as a protection for minority rights—Nelson Rockefeller, as President of the Senate, having sided with the liberals on this issue. The award couldn't have gone to a better man, or been accepted by a better woman. In the absence of Senator Allen, Mrs. Allen accepted the award for her husband with a lighthearted speech that was one of the best.

Give 'Em Helms

Senator Helms reviewed the polls, the statistics, and the elections of 1968 and 1974 and concluded that elections can still be won on issues rather than party loyalty and organization. Chastising the leadership of the Republican Party, he said, "No amount of communication specialists can hide the soaring federal deficit, or the failure of the Republican Administration to respond to the social issues upon which we were elected. . . . Too often the President's program is so bad that even Republicans have difficulty supporting it. . . . I have not answered the question of whether conservatives should organize another party or not. I say that we need two parties, a liberal party and a conservative party by whatever name. . . . And that is why we must have a platform convention," perhaps the convention of a new political party. Helms's peroration was interrupted by a spontaneous demonstration of supporters carrying signs that said "Give 'Em Helms," including eight enthusiasts, each carrying a large placard, who managed to get themselves onto the dais so their signs proclaimed collectively "6'7 SMLEH." After more confusion and some catcalls the time was advanced to 9'7, and then finally reordered to HELMS '76.

On Friday, Saturday, and Sunday there were panel discussions and speeches on defense and foreign policy, the economy, government regulation, the relevance of state sovereignty (New Hampshire's Governor Meldrim Thomson was the main speaker), and other issues; and breakfast speeches by Senator Strom Thurmond (R., S.C.), Barbara Keating, and Admiral Zumwalt.

On Saturday afternoon Kevin Phillips, F. Clifton White, Ron Docksai (YAF national chairman), and Karl Rove (President of the College Republicans) were on a panel entitled, "The Republican Party: Does It Have a Future?" No, said Phillips; maybe, said White; yes, said Rove.

Phillips said a third party is the all but inevitable answer. "Why," he asked the assembled conservatives, "would you want the Republican nomination in '76 when you can give it to someone else?" Even Ronald Reagan couldn't win as the Republican candidate: Wallace would draw away too many votes. But a third party should not be formed precipitously: there is a great danger of over-ideologizing it. The party's roots must be in the American people, it must be broad-based. And Phillips warned conservatives to be careful with the timing of a new party. The proper time would be in the fall, but the commitment would have to be made now. Members of Congress should be pressed into regrouping—there is no need to recruit a whole new set of candidates.

Clif White agreed—with Phillips' warning. Take your time, he said. In the last decade both parties have been restructured. White was reluctant to repudiate the thousands of people in the Republican Party organization—though one might ask why a third party effort is any more a repudiation (as opposed to an invitation) to those people in the Republican Party than was Senator Buckley's campaign in 1970, which White masterminded.

Karl Rove, a brilliant young orator, made the best case for continuing to use the vehicle of the Republican Party, emphasizing the futility of a third party effort at the presidential level. His case was based on the federal campaign law

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which will supply $20 million to the two major parties before the election, but not a nickel to a new party until it has shown—i.e., after the election—that it can get a certain number of votes. And Rove also argued that with three serious contenders in the race (or four) there was a good chance that the election would be thrown into the House of Representatives, where there was not a good chance of the conservative's winning. Rove's credentials as a conservative were questioned, but his case was formidable. And one that was not met by the panelists, though it may be, in part, by the lawsuit brought by Senator Buckley and others questioning the constitutionality of the campaign reform act.

Political Rembrandt

Phillips was more popular. But no one is as popular as Ronald Reagan. He was introduced at dinner on Saturday night by Senator Buckley who was introduced by NATIONAL REVIEW publisher William Rusher. Rusher begged the thousand guests to be understanding if Governor Reagan didn't choose that night to declare, and made the point again that much could be lost by rushing the timing—giving rise to a new nickname for the showman of NATIONAL REVIEW, Caveat Rusher.

Senator Buckley identified what has to be one of the central problems for conservatives. "The recent Teeter poll confirms the fact that for several years now, the electorate has held the notion that the Democrats are better able to handle the nation's problems, which means that they do not associate the Democrats with the disastrous programs that have been enacted by liberal Democratic majorities in Congress. This suggests an information gap that it is the first order of business to fill." Senator Buckley said the Republican Party may have no future if it does not identify itself with the conservative alternative, rejecting that "moderate" (always read liberal) stance which accepts half of the liberal-Democratic programs. And then he gave them "the conservative movement's Rembrandt, Ronald Reagan."

The master had done some sketching the day before in Nebraska. On Friday Reagan had said that Ford's abandonment of his pledge of a balanced budget "raises deeply disturbing questions about the quality and stability" of his leadership.

At dinner the Governor talked about the successes of conservatism—his own record in California primarily, but also Governor Thomson's in New Hampshire. He might have added the current attacks on the regulatory agencies now coming from many directions. He took another swipe at Ford's budget—"What side can we take in a debate over whether the deficit should be $52 billion or $70 or $80 billion preferred by the profligate Congress?" And at SALT II which, "if not renegotiated, guarantees the Soviets a clear missile superiority sufficient to make a 'first strike' possible with little fear of reprisal." He supported our commitment in Indochina and America's role as world leader; also fiscal integrity, sound money, a permanent limit on the percentage of the people's earnings government can take. "A political party cannot be all things to all people. . . . I do not believe I have proposed anything that is contrary to what has been considered Republican principle. It is at the same time the very basis of conservatism. It is time to reassert that principle and raise it to full view. And, if there are those who cannot subscribe to these principles, then let them go their way."

The last phrase is an ambiguous formulation, like his question, "Is it a third party we need, or is it a new, a revitalized second party, raising a banner of no pale pastels, but bold colors which make it unmistakably clear where we stand on all the issues troubling the people?" Where Reagan stands is clear, but how he'd run—ah, but that's what Rusher warned about.

The crowd, it has to be said, was enthusiastic, and it can only be that the staff writer for the *Washington Star-News* who reported that "Reagan and Buckley disappointed many of the more than five hundred delegates" had his evening's repast elsewhere.

Various state delegations held open house in their suites through much of the night. James Wolcott of the *Village Voice* has already recorded some of the history-making episodes: the chairman of ACU twisting with the correspondent from *Rolling Stone* to the tune of "Surf City." Stan Evans considers himself on the job 24 hours a day. Long after the Beethoven crowd had turned in, over a hundred conservatives were gathered in the YAF suite singing "Teen Angel." It was the age of *American Graffiti*. At one point a young man was heard challenging no one in particular, "Who says we can't turn the clock back?"

On Sunday morning at noon, under the able and appropriately flexible direction of J. Daniel Mahoney, the chairman of the New York State Conservative Party, the delegates considered, debated, and voted on a dozen or so resolutions. Many thought the appropriate and nondivisive course would have been to pass a couple of good strong anti-Rockefeller resolutions and then adjourn in unity. Instead they chastised the Judiciary (". . . and that Congress be encouraged to exercise its constitutional authority by regulating the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court"), told the government how to solve the energy shortage, and dealt with better education, the welfare problem, national security, campaign financing, internal security, the Equal Rights Amendment, and foreign policy. They even passed a resolution recommending a constitutional amendment protecting the life of the unborn.

To Be Continued . . .

Certainly the most important resolution was the one that formed a Committee on Conservative Alternatives, "to provide a formal mechanism to review and assess the current political situation and to develop future opportunities." The resolution included a list of the initial members of the Committee, and a provision that they could add new members by majority vote. Among others, the list included Representatives John Ashbrook and Robert Bauman, Ron Docksai, Stan Evans, William Rusher, Thomas Winter, and Senator Helms, who will probably be the chairman.

The conservatives left the Mayflower with certain satisfactions. President Ford, in an interview with the *Washington Star-News*, had reckoned with the conservatives in public, as he no doubt does in private. Mrs. Ford had been berated (and had responded) for using White House pressure to get the Arizona legislature to adopt the ERA (it didn't).

And the conference had been covered in the AM or PM news and had been covered on the front or editorial pages and by the columnists of the Washington and New York papers for at least seven whole multimedia free-publicity-for-the-latent-conservative-majority days. That's called taking the initiative. □

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SOUTH KOREA

Life and Death of an Assassin

PETER HYUN

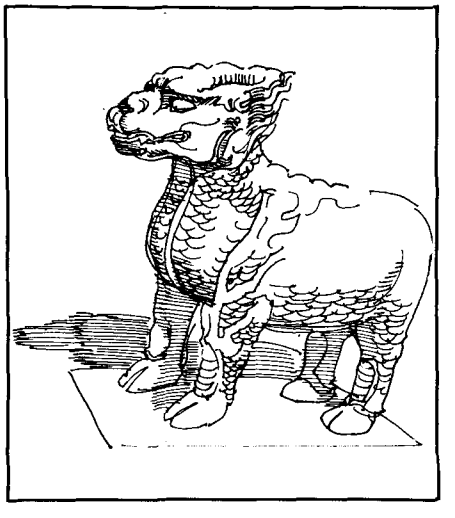
MUN SE-KWANG, the 23-year-old high school dropout from Japan who shot and killed the wife of the South Korean president last summer, was executed shortly after the new year. But the flareup of resentment in Korea over what is regarded as Japan's role in the killing has not died down despite a formal if somewhat perfunctory apology by Japanese authorities. The assassination attempt was plotted in Japan; the assassin was aided and abetted by Japanese accomplices; he carried a forged Japanese passport and a Japanese police revolver. He was trained for his mission on Japanese soil.

What had turned Mun Se-kwang, a young husband and father, into a trained killer? Who are these young terrorists who flash across our television screens as they spray crowded airline lounges with machinegun bullets, hijack planes, break into embassies to murder and kill? Why do they volunteer for suicide missions as Mun did last August 15 when he stood up in a crowded hall in central Seoul and emptied his gun at President and Mrs. Park? His story, as revealed to his South Korean interrogators, is an illuminating case history.

Mun Se-kwang is the third son of a Korean couple who live in Osaka, Japan. Mun was born and raised in Osaka and attended primary and middle schools there. He quit high school during his second year, he told Korean authorities, after being converted to Communism. It was during his high school days that he was captivated by the Left, eagerly reading *The Communist Manifesto*, the writings of Mao Tse-tung and North Korean Premier Kim Il-sung, and other Communist publications. After leaving high school, Mun infiltrated the anti-Communist Korean Youth and Student League and proclaimed his sympathy for Mindan, a kind of booster organization composed of Koreans living in Japan who support South Korea. While doing his best to factionalize Mindan's membership, Mun also found time to join or organize a number of left-oriented protest meetings.

It was at such a meeting, an Osaka Youth-Student Assembly on September 3, 1972, just two years before the assassination, that Mun first came in contact with Kim Ho-ryong, who was destined to play a vital role in his life. Kim was born in Korea in 1927, but had lived in Japan since 1940. He had devoted most of his adult life to the Communist cause as an activist member of the Chongnyun, an organization of Japan-based Koreans controlled by North Korea.

At the time of the Osaka youth



meeting, Kim was in charge of the operations of North Korean Communists and their sympathizers in the Osaka area. A couple of days after the youth meeting Kim called on Mun to compliment him on his work. Within a short time they had established a close personal association based on common ideological bonds. They met regularly, about twice a month, to discuss Korean politics, Japanese-Korean relations, and other subjects of mutual interest, with the aid of propaganda literature published by the Chongnyun and the North Korean government.

In September 1973, one year later, Mun joined the Chongnyun, becoming an activist among those working to subvert the South Korean government in favor of a Communist regime. It was at this time that he became determined to assassinate President Park.

Mun was undoubtedly influenced in this by Kim, who felt that a revolt similar to the student uprising of April 1959 was the only way to communize South Korea. During such a revolt, Kim said, underground Communists and other antigovernment forces could ask North Korea for military support. It would be a momentous undertaking, requiring skilled planning and faultless timing, and it could, Kim felt, be triggered only by the assassination of South Korea's president.

Communist Motivation

A month after joining the Chongnyun, Mun confided his determination to assassinate President Park to Mikiko Yoshii, an old high school friend, and she subsequently drew her husband into the assassination plot. Mikiko and Mun's shared sympathy for Communism led to a close friendship which continued even after both had married others. Mikiko had married Yukio Yoshii, another high school dropout engaged in pro-Communist activities.

Mun confided his plans to Mikiko Yoshii because she had been chosen to play a key role in the operation as Mun and Kim were planning it in late October. Two possible dates for the assassination were picked: Independence Movement Day, March 1, or Liberation Day, August 15. Meanwhile Mun was to go to Hong Kong to buy weapons and to familiarize himself with airport search procedures, visa inspections, and other travel regulations and customs. The plotters decided to apply for a passport in Yukio Yoshii's name and to send Mikiko along on the trip, posing as Mun's wife to allay any possible suspicions.

Carrying a passport in Yukio's name and accompanied by Yukio's wife, Mun flew to Hong Kong on November 19, 1973. He took with him 500,000 yen ($1,700) supplied by Kim. The original plan called for Mun and Mikiko to proceed from Hong Kong to Korea. Instead, they returned directly to Japan

Mr. Hyun, a Korean by birth, was for many years a senior editor at Doubleday.

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on November 22 with good and bad news for their accomplices. The bad news was that Mun found he could not buy firearms in Hong Kong. The good news was that his false papers had not been questioned and he felt he would have no trouble smuggling a weapon to his destination.

Next there was an ideological drill to be gone through. At Kim's direction, Mun was admitted to Akafudo Hospital in Tokyo on February 12, ostensibly suffering from a stomach ailment, and remained there as a patient in perfect physical health for a whole month. During this period, he was subjected to a rigorous Communist indoctrination course and given intensive training, including target practice. He also received an additional 290,000 yen ($986). The hospital, it should be noted, is run by the Chongnyun. At a dramatic meeting in the final stages of planning, Mun discovered what he must already have known to be true—that interest in the success of his mission, and support for it, extended to the highest level of the North Korean government. The meeting took place on May 4, on board the *Mankyongbong-ho*, a North Korean freighter anchored in Osaka harbor.

The *Mankyongbong-ho* sails between North Korean and Japanese ports on a regular schedule and frequently serves as a floating operational headquarters for Communist activities.

Mun boarded the ship accompanied by an agent sent by Kim. There he met another North Korean agent, and the two conferred for about an hour. The North Korean official told Mun the assassination must succeed, whatever the cost. This, he made it clear, was a direct order from North Korean Premier Kim Il-sung.

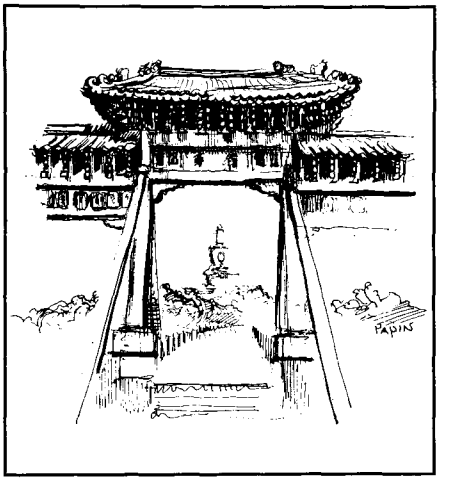
Communist Action

Mun was now motivated, indoctrinated, and instructed, but still not armed for his mission. Some time before dawn on July 18, he broke into an Osaka police box and stole two handguns, selecting one—a Smith and Wesson .38 caliber revolver—for the assassination attempt.

On July 24, Mun reported to Kim that his plans were complete, and Kim gave him 800,000 yen ($2,720) to cover his remaining expenses. On August 6, Mun boarded a commercial flight from Osaka to Seoul. He carried a passport in the name of Yukio Yoshii, but this time he traveled alone. The revolver, loaded with five bullets, was concealed in a transistor radio case.

On the morning of August 15, Mun hired a car from his hotel and instructed the driver to take him to Seoul's National Theater, where distinguished guests had assembled to commemorate the 29th anniversary of Korea's liberation from Japanese rule. Security guards allowed Mun to enter the theater unchallenged after he identified himself as a Japanese diplomat.

The ceremony got under way at 10 o'clock. At 10:23, as President Park told the audience that "the unification



of the fatherland must be achieved by peaceful means," Mun leapt from his seat and charged toward the stage, pulling the loaded gun from his trousers. As he did so, he shot himself in the leg, but he continued to run down the aisle shooting as he went. Mun's second shot hit the side of the lectern, behind which President Park had ducked when the first shot rang out; a third bullet misfired; the fourth struck Mrs. Park in the head. As he neared the stage to fire his final shot, the assassin was tripped by a man in the audience, and the bullet went wild, hitting the Korean flag at the back of the stage.

As aides carried the mortally wounded First Lady from the stage, security guards subdued her murderer. In order to restore calm and reassure his audience, which included millions of television viewers, President Park went on to finish the commemorative speech. Then, stopping to pick up his wife's handbag and shoes, he left the stage and sped to her side as surgeons at Seoul National University Hospital fought to save her life. The President was with his wife eight hours later when she died.

Even as South Korea mourned its loss and Mrs. Park was being laid to rest, the Japanese government was busy disclaiming responsibility for her death. Japanese Premier Tanaka flew to Seoul to attend Mrs. Park's funeral and to pay a condolence call on President Park, but the Japanese Foreign Office maintained that Japan had no legal or moral responsibility for the incident because "the crime was committed by a Korean national living in Japan." Furthermore, the Japanese claimed they were powerless to control the activities of the Chongnyun unless that organization violated Japanese laws "or conspicuously damaged Japanese interests."

Lesson for Japan?

Despite Kim's conviction that a political assassination would trigger a revolution in South Korea, Mrs. Park's death had exactly the opposite effect, rallying at least temporarily all South Korean political factions behind the government in its disapproval of Japan's lukewarm reaction.

South Korean investigators would like Japan to extradite Kim Ho-ryong. They point out that the absence of an extradition treaty between the two countries does not preclude Japan's extradition of Kim as a gesture of good will and friendship toward South Korea.

Mikiko Yoshii and her husband, Yukio, were arrested and questioned by Japanese authorities about their roles in the plot, but have since been freed on bail. The police also questioned Mun's wife.

Before washing their hands of this tragic affair, the Japanese would do well to consider the Chongnyun with its network of operations so carefully organized and nurtured by Kim Il-sung's Communist agents on Japanese soil. They might also give some thought to Mikiko Yoshii's conviction, which she expressed to her friend Mun Se-kwang, that the communization of Korea is an essential step toward the communization of Japan. They would be wiser still to ponder the close relations between the Chongnyun and the Japanese Red Army, since both these Communist groups are well known for their North Korean connection. □

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UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE

Incentives and the Working Girl

PAUL McGOULDRICK

TAX REBATES, public service jobs, and the lengthening of the periods for which people are entitled to unemployment benefits are remedies for the current recession which will do more to kill than to cure. Even if politicians were unworldly altruists and hence disinclined to play games with public service jobs, the political realities dictate such high levels of pay ($9,000 a year is currently quoted for openers) that hiring more than a small fraction of the unemployed would bust the federal budget beyond the fondest dreams of Senator Hubert Humphrey. Tax rebates are as bad or worse because of different side effects. They are highly inequitable because they dribble nearly all of the individually small, collectively huge, cuts among those who keep their jobs during a recession. Practically none goes to the unemployed, who bear most of the burdens of slowing down inflation. And as the New New Economics of the monetarists has demonstrated, tax rebates and cuts have disproportionately small effects on employment because the additions to spendable income are nearly all offset when the Treasury sells bonds to finance the resultant deficit and hence crowds out private borrowing and spending. And if the Federal Reserve seeks to avoid this by purchasing excess bonds with newly created money—off we go into accelerating inflation, once again.

Extending the period of unemployment benefits is better from an equity standpoint; it does concentrate federal aid among the true victims of anti-inflation policies, and the money is more evenly spread among the unemployed. But it creates direct disincentives for workers to seek and take new jobs because it increases the duration of the unemployment benefits, which a worker must give up when he takes a new job. Analytically, it is thus equivalent to a tax on new jobs paid for by the worker himself.

Instead, why not the following proposal? Scrap plans for tax rebates and cuts and use the funds thus released for *lump sum* payments to men and women who are *involuntarily* separated from their jobs. Each worker would qualify for the payments through his local unemployment office after the normal waiting period that is already imposed. If he is afraid that he would blow the lump sum, he can opt to receive it in weekly installments; but it is vital to retain the principle that it is his money, subject to withdrawal at will, regardless of whether he finds a job sooner or later.

WHY THIS principle? Because the outstanding advantage of the lump sum payment is that it encourages workers to find new jobs as quickly as they can. In the jargon of economists, such payments do not encourage substitution of leisure for work, as do weekly benefits tied to "need." Aside from what economists call a small income effect, workers will have the same material incentives to find work quickly as they did in the bad old days when not a cent of benefits was paid by government. They also will have enough money to move, if necessary, to places where job opportunities are brighter. In the interests of speedy adoption, it even seems advisable to pile the lump sum on top of unemployment compensation.

Several nasty but necessary questions intrude (as they always do). Wouldn't this encourage employers and employees to collude in representing voluntary quitting as layoffs in order to take advantage of the program? Doesn't this give soon-rehired workers an unfair advantage vis-a-vis those remaining unemployed for many months?

A simple rule would ensure that there be no widespread cheating by workers who quit their jobs voluntarily. They would be entitled to lump sum payments only if laid off in groups of at least n workers per day (n varying with size of the firm but being at least four for the smallest businesses) and certified by employers as being involuntarily separated. In the long run, of course, employer-employee collusion to get hold of benefits would become a problem. But this must be a temporary program, ending when inflation has been pushed down to a specified acceptable level and employment revives. In the interval, the very high administrative costs of hiring workers (estimated at $500 to $600 per worker as long as seven years ago) would discourage employers from "firing" employees to let them receive benefits and rehiring them shortly thereafter.

How much would it cost? Suppose that as much as an average $2,000 is paid to each discharged worker and that the number involuntarily separated (quits would never count) would be as high as seven million by the end of 1975. The consequent $14-billion federal outlay would not be greater than that forecast for the Ford tax program, and it would all go to people suffering from the recession instead of being dribbled to everybody.

Don't those who are soon rehired receive a bonanza? They do, and they most emphatically should, else the incentive to scratch hard for work is lacking. And the continuance of existing unemployment benefits will help those who remain unemployed for many months.

Won't seasonal and casual workers benefit at the expense of the steadily employed? Then provide that a worker may only receive the lump sum once per 12-month period.

Like tax rebates, lump sum unemployment grants would not appreciably stimulate the economy, for reasons given briefly at the beginning. But the overriding problem of modern free economics is to diminish inflation without creating even temporary mass suffering from unemployment. Up to now, dislike of unemployment has made it impossible for central bankers to do their duty by the money supply. By having those who keep their jobs pay compensation to those who lose their jobs, this iron barrier to proper monetary policy may be demolished. □

Mr. McGouldrick is an associate professor of economics at SUNY, Binghamton.

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GARRITY'S FOLLY

Busing for the Sake of Busing

DAVID BRUDNOY

THEY SAID the violence would peter out in a few days, the white boycott in a week or two. They said that Boston would comply with Federal Judge W. Arthur Garrity's order requiring school busing, that all would soon be harmonious; if the South could do it, certainly Boston could too. Such predictions quickly became inoperative: it was fear and loathing in Boston from the start [*NR*, Oct. 25, 1974], continued boycott, and, as anyone could have guessed, a gradual and now accelerating *permanent* white exodus from Boston's wretched public schools.

The pro-busing forces tried everything. In October, they sent four Boston schoolchildren down to Charlotte, North Carolina to "rap" with their peers in that small Southern city. The four, one each of both races and sexes, returned with glowing reports, augmented by accompanying journalists who echoed that happy line. To John Kerrigan, then School Committee chairman and still its leading member, the Charlotte trip was a con job. Kerrigan presented extensive evidence from the liberal *Charlotte Observer* supporting his contention that "integration" there has been a disaster.

This data Boston's TV stations poohpoohed. The official, the orthodox, line is: "We have a mandate from the Federal Court to desegregate our schools. Some of us agree with that decision, some of us don't. But there is one thing we can all agree with: we love our children and we want no harm to come to them." This from the Boston Community Media Council, composed of 25 media representatives and 26 "minority" members, mostly Negroes, who put muscle on the media for "correct" treatment of this kind of issue. The BCMC believes nothing can or *should* halt Garrity's widely detested order: the media honchos, who reside in white suburbia, equate busing of Boston kids with "integration," a Good Thing. And so it goes.

So Boston went to Charlotte, and Charlotte (a return delegation of bright-eyed pro-busing students) came to Boston, the liberals cooed, then everyone forgot about it as reality returned. For Boston, reality has meant more of the same: more violence, more boycotting, more white flight, more racial hatred, more media sanctimoniousness, more educational claptrap, more wasted time.

In November, the U.S. Office of Civil Rights reported that Boston has lost 15 per cent of its white students—5,000 children—and gained 4 per cent minority students since last year. Realtors report increased sales by white home owners in Boston. In Denver, the same. Reports the Center for the Study of Education: "one thousand [white] parents a month are making the decision . . . to go to [Denver's] suburbs." The Human Rights Commission reported late last year that after ten years of busing to achieve integration, James Madison High School in Brooklyn remains internally segregated: kids of the two races don't eat, play, talk, study, or gather together. White flight, as in Denver, is now well advanced in Boston, and Madison High's experience has also been repeated there. The few students who submit to Boston's busing have not "integrated." The blacks in previously white South Boston and Hyde Park High Schools stay by themselves—they are objects of attack and also instigators of violence—while the forty whites at Roxbury High, which has *not* experienced much violence, neither seek nor are invited to mix with the blacks.

As Kevin Phillips noted in *TV Guide* (January 4), News-speak uses the word "desegregation," which has a benign connotation, instead of "forced busing," which hasn't. Their language corrupts their thought. They believe that busing achieves desegregation, when it does not. So abysmal is the record that the media have virtually abandoned accurate reporting of the self-segregation among those who attend the "desegregated" schools; and the newspapers report school attendance figures in terms of average or below or above average "for this school year."

The biggies came to town to have their say. Coretta King glided into Boston in November to inform a tiny pro-busing rally—such gatherings have been poorly attended while anti-busing rallies have drawn tens of thousands—that "racism, not busing, is the real issue dividing Boston." Mrs. King, who needs "racism" as a junkie needs his fix, attacked the anti-busing forces for "making an undemocratic assault on equality," and urged all the better folk to back Congressman Father Drinan, NAACP President Tom Atkins (whose lust for political office in Boston is manifest), and ultraliberal activist Rabbi Roland Gittelsohn in pushing for forced busing.

Then Senator Sam, the Constitution man, came down from his Watergate Olympus, just before rounding out his congressional career, and informed Boston that he was on the anti-busing side. Mr. Ervin, foremost scholar of the Constitution among politicians, cut through the mush and said forced busing is a "clear violation of the Equal Protection Clause of the Fourteenth Amendment." Why? Waall, said Senator Sam, that clause forbids discrimination, and in Boston only some students are dragged along the busing trail, not all of them. True belief would then require, assuming that any higher court supports Ervin's contention, that *every* school kid in Boston be bused—somewhere, anywhere, just bused, lest busing for busing's sake be abandoned as unconstitutional.

SENATOR Ervin gently refused a request to come lead the fight personally. But the views of this man, so adored by liberals in 1973, occasioned a neat rebuttal from Mr. John Boone, formerly Commissioner of Corrections under then Governor Francis Sargent. Having single-handedly wrecked the state's prison system—he came out the other day for abolishing *all* prisons—Boone is now Director of Urban Affairs at WNAC-TV, where he chairs the Affirmative Action Committee and otherwise humanly "relates." Said Boone on television, December 7: "Ah'm here to set the record straight,

Mr. Brudnoy, an American historian who frequently teaches Negro history, is a syndicated columnist and a television commentator in Boston.

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because Boston schoolchildren might think Senator Sam Ervin spoke the *Gospel* truth because of the Watergate hearin's. Senator Ervin's ancestors owned slaves; Ervin never *was* in favor of white folks and black folks doing anything together except picking cotton." So much for Senator Sam.

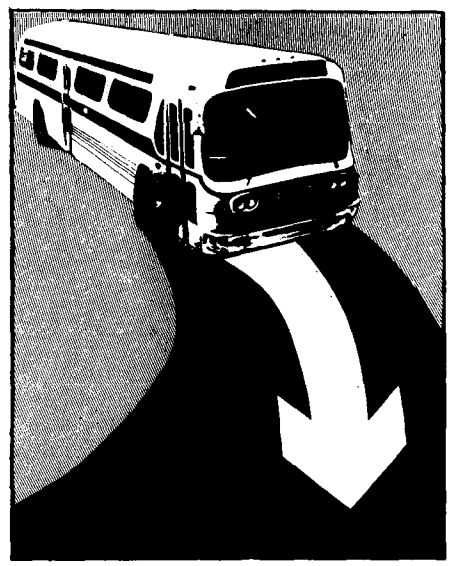
Three days later, December 10, a white boy, Michael Faith, was knifed by a Negro boy at Hyde Park High. As Faith's life hung in the balance, Boston's schools erupted. Officialdom, responsible in the first place for forcing the busing, closed the tumultuous schools until January, then debated through the holidays whether they should ever be reopened. Their new brainstorm is to transport *all* the kids at the most turbulent schools to "neutral" sites—downtown, out in the sticks, anywhere, so long as they can be bused somewhere. As of this writing, the schools remain open, albeit half-filled in the case of our "integrated" high schools. Contingency plans are in readiness to abandon them entirely and set up Nirvana on new turf.

In December, Boston almost got itself three unlikely martyrs. Three of the five-person School Committee refused to endorse a forced busing plan for the whole of Boston for September. Judge Garrity hit the roof. The NAACP wanted the three subjected to the rack, or at least to jail. The Committee's toney law firm, Hale & Dorr, submitted the plan anyhow, then resigned the case.

To the *Boston Globe*, Judge Garrity's rulings are "conservative," just follow-other judicial rulings elsewhere. That's true, but irrelevant to anyone in Boston except the *Globe*, Judge Garrity, and the NAACP, which was livid when Garrity failed to incarcerate the recalcitrant committee men. The Judge instead cited them for civil contempt and ordered them to submit *something*, anything, just so long as it had busing in it somewhere. In a few weeks they came up with a voluntary busing plan, the sort that never works, because no one wants his own child bused, just someone else's.

What may to Senator Ervin be "as clear as the noonday sun," that forced busing is unconstitutional, is nonetheless what Boston will get, come September. Currently on Judge Garrity's desk are some twenty different "Phase II" proposals. One can pick traditional schools, magnet schools, ungraded schools, open space schools, "enrichment" programs, pairings and clusterings, one-day-a-week busing with four-day non-busing, busing to different schools or to the same schools that are now experiencing it, busing within zones (we have six magically created new zones this week), busing across zones, etc., etc., etc. And the newest wrinkle, supported by freshman Governor Michael Dukakis: cross-district busing into the suburbs.

Here's the latest panacea. They won't say it, but the pols know that forced



busing within Boston is educationally useless—almost every Boston public school is dreadful, the white ones as bad as the black ones—and that this year's violence and resistance will intensify next year. So Dukakis and others propose that the legislature mandate busing *into* the suburbs (but not *from* the suburbs; it's the whites dragged into black areas who are the most obstinate), where there are empty seats, with massive state money pouring in to sweeten the bitter pill.

Our two senators continue to urge busing, safely, from Washington. The Kennedy brothers' gift to the judiciary —he worked for JFK in '58, then for Bobby, then was sponsored for the bench by Teddy in '65—almost daily enlarges the scope of his powers. In late January, Garrity decided and ordered that Boston *must* hire one Negro teacher (whatever his/her qualifications) for every white teacher, until the city faculty is 20 per cent black—20 per cent because that's the black population of Boston, though nearly 50 per cent of the school population are "minority," while only 5 percent of New England college graduates are black. Garrity has decided precisely how much money Boston must spend to recruit Negro teachers, and in a few weeks he will crawl out from beneath his pile of Phase II plans and announce precisely how, where, and when Boston must erect its next addition to the brave new world of busing.

Everybody's in on the act. The governor's new Secretary of Educational Affairs is Paul Parks, a Negro, a principal author of the 1965 Racial Imbalance Law, who came to Dukakis' cabinet fresh from coordinating the left-leaning Boston Model Cities Program for seven years. With Parks in the Administration, Atkins at the NAACP, and Boone presiding in the media, the black left wing establishment has staked out its strongholds. The white left wing establishment dovetails into the black, and Mayor Kevin White, running hard for reelection this year against an expected huge field of anti-busing candidates, backs and fills. In January, White turned up on conservative Avi Nelson's radio program and declared that he was an "early, public, and sustained" opponent of busing. Oh yes. Anti-busing demonstrators oustide WHDH Radio chanted: "Where do *your* kids go to school?" The answer, which White doesn't like to proclaim, is private schools, where more and more whites in Boston are sending their kids if they can afford it. And if not?

The suburbs await. And the parochial schools, too, all of a sudden. At first, Humberto Cardinal Medeiros ordered that Catholic schools deny admission to whites trying to "escape" forced busing. But this month, Catholic School Superintendent Brother Bartholomew Varden changed the archdiocesan tune. "We're hoping to discourage transfers, but the schools are in such hard financial straits that we don't want to say they can't take" whites escaping busing. In non-archdiocesan English: come on in, O'Reilly, it's OK now. This will further divest the public schools of whites. And as soon as *most* white students have fled, and Boston's schools are then more segregated than before, and those few Negroes who will endure it submit to the long rides out to affluent suburbia in search of that chimerical

(Continues on page 299)

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THE OPEN QUESTION

Can Communism Mellow?

SLOBODAN M. DRASKOVICH

JAMES BURNHAM'S REFERENCE to "nontotalitarian Communism" in two articles on Yugoslavia last year [*NR*, July 5 and 19] should not remain unchallenged, both because of the thesis and because of the author, who occupies a special place in American political science and political thought.

As I see it, these are the reasons why Communism cannot be nontotalitarian:

1. *Its aim*, which is not to bring about social justice or any kind of better world, but to ensure total control of society and the world, is too ambitious. It involves the change of society, of man, of human nature. It is unprecedented and requires unprecedented use of force for a very long time. And totalitarianism is as necessary to preserve it as it is to attain it.

2. *Totalitarianism has served Communism too well.* The Communist pursuit of power has been fantastically successful and could not have been realized without totalitarianism. The growth of Communist power, the unfinished business of conquering the world, the erosion of Communist faith as the bureaucrats advance at the expense of the vanishing true believers, make totalitarianism even more necessary than heretofore.

3. *Communist self-criticism*, Stalin's brain child, serves the purpose of consolidating Communism. It does not signify reformation and the renunciation of totalitarianism. The Soviet regime mortally hates Solzhenitsyn, Maksimov, Sinyavsky, Amalrik, Bukovsky. But it knows that, regardless of personal motives, the Dudintsevs, the Yevtushenkos, the Roy Medvedevs, by benevolent criticism, are helping, not hurting Communism.

4. *The West's policy toward Communism*, which, regardless of label (containment, coexistence, detente), amounts to nonresistance to Communism, unmistakably indicates that we do not actually object even to the most objectionable features of Communism. Why then should *they* object to them and renounce the tools which have served them so well and which they need now and in the future?

5. *Communist tactics of change* do not indicate any change away from totalitarianism. Lenin introduced capitalism into the Soviet economy (NEP); Stalin instituted the popular front tactics with the bourgeois enemy in the Thirties and abolished the Comintern in 1943; Khrushchev denounced Stalin's crimes; Brezhnev built bridges of trade and peace with President Johnson. But Lenin laid the foundations for the Gulag Archipelago; Stalin killed countless millions of Soviet citizens and occupied ten European countries after World War II; Khrushchev brought Mongolian divisions and 5,000 tanks into Hungary and proclaimed that in the building of socialism "we are all Stalinists"; Brezhnev invaded Czechoslovakia in August of 1968.

But is *Yugoslav* Communism nontotalitarian, as Mr. Burnham contends? Yugoslav Communism is "different" insofar as every Communism is "different." Lenin stressed over half a century ago that "Marx's theory . . . gives only the *general* premises and directions, which are concretely to be applied differently in France than in Germany, in Germany than in Russia." If Yugoslav Communism is "different," then, it does not follow that it is nontotalitarian.

CONSIDER the specifics put forward by Mr. Burnham.

"Hundreds of thousands of Yugoslavs work in Western Europe, going in and out." But they owe their "freedom" not to Tito's benevolence and nontotalitarianism, but to the inability of the Yugoslav Communist regime, in spite of $7 billion in aid from the West, to provide work for its working class, many of whom must be sent to earn their bread in the capitalist West.

In the past few years, the Yugoslav secret police have disposed of a number of Serbian émigrés in Europe, much as Josef Stalin had Generals Kutepov and Miller kidnapped in Paris and Leon Trotsky killed in Mexico. On July 8, 1974, between Mr. Burnham's articles on Yugoslavia's nontotalitarian Communism, another Serbian émigré, 79-year-old Jasa Ljotic, a former diplomat, was assassinated in Munich.

"Foreign journals and literature are available." And why would they not be? Tito, to a very great extent, owes his rise to, and survival in, power to the West's liberal press. They are all on his side. Why would he be against them? But is it proof that Yugoslav Communism is nontotalitarian?

"The church is tolerated." Not so. Religious life in Yugoslavia is controlled by the Religious Commission, instituted not to protect religion, but to eradicate it. It has brought about the first split in the Serbian Orthodox Church since 1218, by creating an artificial "Macedonian Church." In 1963 efforts were made to put the Serbian Orthodox Diocese for America and Canada under the control of Communist Yugoslavia; the battle, in U.S. courts and outside of them, has been going on ever since.

"Seven publicly dissident professors . . . are still talking and still have their jobs." No longer. These professors, who kept *their* jobs because they were Marxist-Leninists (non-Communists are promptly fired, tried, and jailed), were ousted from the University of Belgrade on January 28, 1975. The Yugoslav regime has obviously determined that they have crossed the crucial borderline between pro-Communist "self-criticism" and "hostile" criticism. Similarly, the Marxist journal *Praxis* has now been shut down. Yugoslav totalitarianism is unmistakably asserting itself.

In fact, Yugoslavia, which has posed and been glorified as the champion of national independence, has over the years established some unequaled records of satellitism. In 1956 Tito stated that "Yugoslavia marches in time of peace as in time of war, shoulder to shoulder with the Soviet Union toward the same goal—the victory of socialism."

The assertion of unconditional solidarity between the USSR and Communist Yugoslavia has been repeated on many other occasions (the most recent on November 29, 1974) and is being cemented by the increasing Soviet infiltration of Yugoslavia, with the full collaboration of Josip Broz-Tito. □

Mr. Draskovich's latest book is Will America Surrender? *published by Devin-Adair.*

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Requiem for Jacob Bronowski

MALACHI B. MARTIN

At first sight, it would seem anything but a Requiem is in order for Jacob Bronowski, who was Senior Fellow at the Salk Institute, San Diego, when he died of a heart attack in August 1974.

His last achievement, *The Ascent of Man*, is currently being broadcast in a 13-part series over two hundred stations of the Public Broadcasting System. The television series qualifies as a credit course for an estimated 25,000 students in two hundred colleges, in what is believed to be, according to one newspaper, "the widest use of television for higher education." The premiere on January 7 of this year beat the *Merv Griffin Show* in the ratings, and reached an estimated 700,000 viewers in the New York metropolitan area alone. In more permanently accessible book form, *Ascent* is already a success both in stores and as a featured alternate of one of the two largest book clubs in the country. "Fascinating and beautifully illustrated," commented *Time*. "A masterpiece of applied intelligence," said the *Chicago Daily News*. "Read and Watch!" exhorted *Scientific American*.

In the face of this posthumous acclaim, why a Requiem for J. Bronowski?

A reading of *Ascent* demonstrates there are many reasons for regretting the Bronowski venture. As an historian, he is eclectic to the point of mental dishonesty. As a scientist, he is a traitor to the one principle on which any scientist's work stands or falls—rigorous adherence to objective evidence. As a humanist, his nearest parallel is to be found in the now forgotten medieval work, *About All Knowable Things and about a Few Others Besides*—a long-standing memorial to mental aberration.

These several defects should have given serious second thoughts to those responsible at BBC and Time-Life (the co-producers) as well as at WNET-TV and the other 199 PBS stations. But, while all this is surely cause for disappointment and intellectual discouragement, withal it does not create the need for a Requiem. Any more than does the hubris of Bronowski's avowed attempt "to create a philosophy for the twentieth century which shall be all of one piece."

It is on the religious plane that we see need for a Requiem. For, in *Ascent*, Bronowski attempted what no one person has tried for a very long time: to explain all (emphasize *all*) about mankind today, yesterday, and tomorrow by the most deceptive means. He deliberately excludes and systematically denigrates religious faith. He employs all the problematic premises, suppositions, emotionalism, etc. for which religious faith was so justly taken to task in the first place, in order to build his case for nothing short of a religious acceptance of, and faith in, his (Bronowski's) "science."

There would be no need to expose the shame of Bronowski, if he were alone. But he stands cheek by jowl with a bevy of scientists—astronomers (Harlow Shapley, e.g.), psychologists (B. F. Skinner, e.g.), ethologists (Konrad Lorenz, e.g.), geneticists (Jacques Monod, e.g.), and anthropologists (Jane Goodall, e.g.)—who indulge in the same bad faith and bad science. Indeed, the lure of this kind of corruption in science seems to be broadening with the years: to wield the power of God, to be a modern Prometheus, but this time without chains and without any debt to pay. Such people rely on the romance of "knowledge." And, from the platform of "scientific authority," they feed a pastiche of non-science to a public hungry for meaning.

At the outset, a misunderstanding fostered in the advertising and promotion of *Ascent* and in the opening of the work itself should be cleared up. *Ascent* is *not* a scientific review of what man has achieved in science and technology, as Lord Clark's *Civilization* is surely a review of man's achievements in art and culture. What gives *Ascent* its ring of importance and seems to have turned the heads of producers, publishers, reviewers, and apparently a fair number of teachers, who still stand in awe of "experts" as so many once stood in awe of witchdoctors and shamans, is not its clear erudition but a series of beliefs (Bronowski's) about man's discoveries—and about much else besides.

If we do not accept these beliefs of his, Bronowski warns, in fifty years we will not exist. Science aside (very far aside), this ultimatum outdoes in severity and immediacy any threat of Hell and Damnation launched at us by the most extreme religious sects in history. Only fifty years more in which to repent!

Bronowski admittedly is not unaware of religion. He admits—much as Henry Ford might have mentioned the Roman chariot—that there used to be a thing called religion. It was useful, because for a while it provided the ceremonials and the rituals that carried precise sequences of procedure from generation to generation until scientific formulae could be developed to fix such knowledge in a more exact and memorable way. It was prescientific, of course. But with science to carry on now, religion can be dispensed with. We have evolved beyond that, in our ascent.

Christ as in B.C.

But the transcendent? The supernatural? A personal god? Salvation? Although Bronowski devotes no more than thirty of his 448 pages to any direct discussion of religion, his allusions, his deliberate misinterpretations, his ignoring of facts, on the one hand, and his recreating and reshuffling of them, on the other, make clear that neither Bronowski nor we, his disciples, are to deal with such otiose concepts and imaginings any more.

The Jews? Their covenant with Yahweh? Nonsense! The important covenant that gave progress and meaning to Jews was a covenant with a large, hybrid 42-chromosome bread wheat. This changed the Jews and set them apart as chosen.

Well, then, the Islam of Moslems? Mohammed's revelation and the Koran? Ah, the source and deep motivation of all that was quite other than you thought. What happened there was that the Arabs took the Greek astrolabe and invented the arabesque; and, to cap that achievement, a Mongol called Olijeitu initiated Moslem architecture. Hey presto! You now have Islam.

Christianity, then? The Word Incarnate? God Himself dying to destroy

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death and rising to restore life? What you must understand, according to Bronowski, is that Jesus was the intellectual and moral leader of his people and as such destined to die. Period. To be fair, the word Christ *is* used about half a dozen times in *Ascent* as an historical cliché-date, better to fix in our minds the more momentous things: the discoveries of alloys, the length of time a canyon has been inhabited by Indians, the smelting of copper (and doubtless the Louis-Carnera fight, but Bronowski does not get as far as that).

In *Ascent*, Bronowski talks twice and briefly of the Church as such. The first and longest of these instances treats us to a villain-hero reading of the case of Galileo Galilei. In the second, not so subtle passage, Bronowski likens the effect of the Church in Europe to the devastation wrought by Hitler.

Surely, then, we must rethink our understanding of all the greatest monuments of civilization from which we and our predecessors have drawn inspiration and succor? Yes, we must, according to Bronowski, as he proceeds to pack in around the mind a farrago of almost paranoid conclusions, all of which make violent demands on our faith; for our reason rejects them outright.

We have Bronowski's word on a series of preposterous propositions. That wheat thinks. That the blue glare of neutrons at Oak Ridge, Tennessee is what Michelangelo should have used to portray the visible finger of God touching Adam at the moment of Creation. That God is more static than nature (sic!). That nomads struggled with conscience (whatever that can mean in such a context) in order to become villagers. That Gothic cathedrals are monuments to human effrontery. That the Inca, if he had had time before the "Spanish gangster" overthrew him (there's objective history for you), would have made all of the discoveries made in the Old World (steam, gunpowder, printing, atomic energy, genetics, lasers, etc.). That freedom is a physical gift. That the meaning of the family lies, not in love, but in the notion of discovering an underlying order in man's basic concept for exploring nature.

And on it goes, as Bronowski ignores the implications of the questions he raises, dispenses with whole blocks of history, discards what does not suit, and generally credits all ages with reasons and motives born only in the skull of a twentieth century man. One assumes it was such propositions that some critics had in mind when they referred to his "plausible connections," his "gigantic leaps of imagination," and his transfers "of abstractions into the concrete."

Finally, there is cause for enormous concern. For Bronowski is avowedly "popularizing" history and science and culture and religion for an estimated beginning "class" of 25,000 students. Indeed, Bronowski has the answers, all of them. He is, after all, exposing the philosophy by which we of the twentieth century are to live. And he warns us that we cannot "continue to live out of a ragbag of morals that comes from past beliefs."

Still, if, even with such intellectually crass propositions, Bronowski had finally found it possible to go on to a reasonably pure science, we could at least grant him the immunity we accord to the curmudgeon specialist in his specialty. Prejudiced, but a specialist of some rigor, we might concede. Conan Doyle had his fairies. Richelieu thought he was a horse. But Bronowski does not qualify even under this privilege. In a kind of ultimate perversity and all for the glory of his "science," he persists throughout in doing exactly what he excoriates as despicable in religions.

The Name Sells It

And, finally, he has only ultimate emptiness to offer, if we abandon what we have known and follow the Bronowski Way:

First, his Credo. "No beliefs can be built up in this century that are not based on science." Then modestly, "It is not the business of science to inherit the earth, but to inherit the moral imagination." From what he has already said about "conscience" concerting nomads into villagers, one can only make stark guesses at what he means by "moral imagination." For fear that anyone, scientist or other, might have any doubt as to the nature of this brand of science, he tells us what it is: "the recognition of the uniqueness of man, and a pride in his gifts and words." It must matter little to Bronowski now that this part of the recipe for his brew borrows a little bit of Nietzsche, a dash of Christian theology, a pinch of Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

Second, his Cause. Bronowski requires and presumes our belief in some basic cause which makes existence possible and gives meaning to our lives. Throughout *Ascent* until very nearly the end, the cause is most often called by the magic name, "It." Sometimes he calls this "nature," sometimes "probability," sometimes the "thrust." But "It" inspires. "It" directs. "It" devises. "It" organizes. "It" makes man and his world possible. "It" lets man make his "ascents," his progress. (But note that ascent is constant and linear in time. Time=progress.)

Recognizing our general level of sophistication, Bronowski seems to realize toward the end that he cannot leave his labors with a mere "It" running things. And, indeed, he confides, "since this is very much my subject, I have a name for it: I call it Stratified Stability." (Other people have called it order. But I suppose Chevrolet began selling more cars when they found the name Impala.)

The story goes like this. Bronowski has observed in the world of matter a certain order in things. "In the beginning, there was Order," so to speak. He gives that order a name: Stratified Stability. Now watch closely. Having given it a name, he breathes life into it. He makes it active. He transforms Stratified Stability, the "It," from the order observed by the observer (Bronowski) into the creator both of the order observed (if you still follow) and of the observer observing (Bronowski). In the mind of the observer, it is order which brings about the order which itself is observed by that mind and made active by it. And that is the cause and the meaning of life. Deftly done. You must admit that this is truly, in the phrase of one of *Ascent*'s reviewers, "a gigantic leap of imagination." (But who was complaining of the effete rationality of religion and the mythical reasoning of theology?)

Third, his Meaning. Well, here one must rely on Bronowski's omniscience. Meaning for him means knowledge of facts. Knowledge, in its turn, is limited to the intelligent observation of what happens; and preferably Bronowski's intelligent observation. But understand him rightly: even though it does indeed take intelligence to make sense of what happens in this world, we must remember always to attribute the cause to the totally impersonal and nonintelligent. To do otherwise would be "unscientific." Fancy, in fact.

(Continues on page 299)

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Iran Ascendant

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

IRAN, OR PERSIA as it was called until 1935, is known today primarily as an oil producing country and the leading price fixer in the OPEC cartel. Little is known of its people, its past, or its potential.

"Iranian" actually means "Aryan." In the technical sense, Persians are just one Iranian tribe. They are genuinely proud to belong to a family of nationalities encompassing the Western world as far as San Francisco, and having influenced, and sometimes even conquered, that other Aryan world in the East which is India. Persian words abound in various Indian languages as well as in Turkish.

Persia is the only Moslem country which can boast of a great tradition in painting, the reason being that the Iranians, who are not Sunnites but Shiites, permit pictorial representation of humans and animals. They reject the oral Moslem tradition and thus can, in a sense, be called the Protestants of the Islamic world. Consequently the Iranians differ from their neighbors not only ethnically, as Indo-Europeans wedged in between Semitic Arabs and Turko-Tartars, but also in their religious and historic development. They look back with great pride upon a very remote past: the Iranians had already attained a very high degree of culture and civilization by the time the Arabs, still a primitive people, imposed their faith on them in a time of Iranian weakness.

Educated Iranians try to impress their visitors with Iran's share in European history, pointing out that Cyrus, Darius, Artaxerxes, Cambyses, Xerxes, all of them kings belonging to the Achaemenid dynasty, figure prominently in the evolution of Europe; that the Parthian and Sassanid rulers fought against the Romans, and that Christianity flourished in Iran.

The evolution of Iran from a Third World country to an Asian power has, naturally, had attendant problems, especially those of relations with neighboring states. The Soviets, of course, are potentially the most aggressive. Between 1945 and 1946 they occupied the northwest of Iran (which has a Turkish population) and were eased out only when the United States applied considerable pressure. Relations with Afghanistan are normal though Afghanistan, where there is at present something of a power vacuum, might encourage expansion on the part of an ever more dynamic Iran. At present there are no troubles with the Turks.

But not so with Iraq. In spite of the similarity of their names, Iraq and Iran are two distinct worlds, the Sunnite/Semitic and the Shiite/Indo-European cultures respectively. These differences are embittered by many factors, but above all by the problem of the Kurds, who are related to the Persians but who are primarily Sunnite Moslems. Their language belongs to the Iranian family and they might be descendants of the ancient Medes. Geographically they are a mountain people living in parts of Turkey, Iraq, and Iran, but only in Iran are they ethnically respected. As a matter of fact, the Iranian State Radio broadcasts programs in the Kurd language, beaming them across the border to northeastern Iraq. The Kurds, who before World War II fought for their independence primarily against the Turks, have recently turned more forcefully against the Iraqis, persevering in spite of heavy losses. There is little reason to doubt that aid reaches them, if not from Iran, at least through Iranian channels.

The Iraqis are in great favor with the Soviets, and receive the most modern military equipment from them. Besides the Kurd problem, Iraq has ideological differences with Iran (Iraq is governed by leftist forces), religious differences (though the majority of Iraqis are Shiites, the ruling group and therefore the prevailing culture have customarily been Sunnite), and geographic-economic tensions as well. The Soviets are trying to extend, via Iraq, their sphere of influence to the oil-rich Persian Gulf, a southward thrust the Iranians want to stop at all costs, and border clashes involving tanks and armored cars have already taken place. Iraq is not only an uncomfortable neighbor that has repeatedly given a haven to leftist Iranian terrorists. It also represents an elongated arm of Moscow, which is why the Shah invests such an inordinate share of his revenue in equipment for his armed forces. If it came to a showdown between the two neighbors, and the Soviets were not to intervene directly, the Iranians might well try to conquer at least part of Iraq. They might liberate the Kurd areas and with them gain some very important oilfields (Kirkuk). They could also set up a "friendly" government of a more Shiite coloration in Baghdad. Kerala, the Holy City of the Shiites, is, after all, situated in Iraq—half of whose resident and immigrant population is Iranian. Such a war could even assume the character of a crusade.

On the domestic front Iran today is eager to be European (i.e., Western) and is slowly but surely, and very visibly, becoming so. A subway is being planned for Teheran and city planning figures prominently in the provincial capitals. New streets are rudely cut into the ancient quarters and high, modern buildings are beginning to line them. Schools multiply, lands are distributed, and students are given the choice either to serve in the army or to teach the 3Rs and simple principles of hygiene in remote villages. All of this is the Shah's "white revolution."

IT IS oil revenues, of course, that finance the grandiose schemes and the Shah's white revolution, revenues that will soon be augmented by the profits from European and North American investments. The Shah, accused in the past of being a playboy, has turned into a formidable monarch. Much concerned with the problems his son and heir will have to grapple with, the energetic Shah prepares even now for an oil-less future. He realizes that raw materials are not everything, and believes it his duty to leave an *industrialized* nation to his descendants. His foresight is slowly beginning to be appreciated even by a population that is distinctly leftist and terrorist by inclination, but who know that a new Iran is in the making. Iran is not a constitutional, liberal monarchy in the usual sense, and terrorism has seriously hampered the development of civil liberties. Still, in the end, the Shah may emerge as the ruler of a people no longer poor, and perhaps even free. □

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Warming-Up Exercises

THIS COLUMN IS officially charged with the duty to describe how the free market might give us solutions to problems that are too commonly seen as strictly governmental babies. Normally I follow the Psalmist's example and make one idea stretch for the whole column. But it's early in the year and we could use a few warm-up shots. Three here:

There is almost universal dissatisfaction with the governmentally operated post office. The service has deteriorated steadily for at least a century (one notes, with a shock, that Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett exchanged letters several times a day, in London, 1845-1846, and American visitors found nothing extraordinary in it). And the cost of this tottering service has risen astronomically. The answer to the problem is in the reality of such free market ventures as the Independent Postal System of America. This company sent an announcement to its customers last July 1 that is worth quoting not only for its message but for the friendly and unbureaucratic style: "Dear Sir: We at IPSA are happy to announce that we are able to lower our rates from $36 per thousand to $27 per thousand, for material weighing three ounces or less. With the increased business we have incurred, from the U.S. Postal System rate increase, we have been able to lower our rates instead of increasing them. This rate decrease allows you to mail with us at one-fourth the cost of going with the U.S. Postal System. We hope you will plan your next mailing with us and save on your advertising dollar. Thank you for your most appreciated order. Yours truly, William Lamb—Postmaster, IPSA Wichita, Kansas."

An article some weeks ago described the woes of bankrupt executives. Yes, bankrupt executives. Men earning huge salaries, guiding major companies, and personally awash in debts. Very clever how zis hoppen. Government should step in to help these poor men, yes? No, government should step out and *stop* interfering with them. The whole problem arose because of the tax laws. Men who were most valuable to their companies were offered the highest salaries. The government decided that the highest tax rates should be applied to precisely the highest salaries. So it became extremely costly for a company to increase the after-tax income of its best men. At the same time, the government permitted lower tax rates on long term profits from buying and selling assets. So the companies began to offer, as a form of compensation to their best men, the right to buy the company shares at a fixed price. If the price went up while the right was still valid, the men could make a killing—and keep a good part of it, thanks to the law that discriminated in favor of speculators and against producers. Thousands of executives worked their hearts out, earned their options, went to the bank, borrowed money to buy the stock, thought they were on easy street—and then saw the market value of their stock fall to the floor. They ended up, after their years of hard and successful labor, owing money to the bank, and not owning enough stock (at market value) to pay off the debt. Bankrupt! And the entire situation would have been avoided if the tax laws, in the first place, had merely treated all forms of income as a flow to be taxed at a constant rate. Should the government now do something else, or simply withdraw? Withdraw, of course. The government *is* the problem.

FINALLY I observe the sad crash of a TWA airliner into a mountain in Virginia. There are several factors that could have contributed to the proximate causation of the accident. But, not only in the accident but also very obviously in the investigation that has followed, there is a pervasive sense of hostility between the pilots and the traffic controllers. The pilots work for companies that are trying to make money. The controllers are civil service types working for the government. The pilots earn as much as $75,000 a year. The men on the ground, *giving orders* to the pilots, earn $15,000 or so, and have a slim fraction of the pilots' training or knowledge. The pilots are proud of their skills. The bureaucrats on the ground are told to "go by the book." By and large, when things are going along well enough, the hostility doesn't come into view. But it is always latent, and when any unusual circumstance crops up you will sense the bored superiority in the voice of the controller, and the frustrated energy in the voice of the pilot. What is most dangerous in the situation is the pilot's knowledge that he is dealing with the agency that writes the regulations, governs the minutest movements of the aircraft in the air, and passes judgment on the pilots when something goes wrong. In such a situation the pilot is extremely unwilling to do the simplest thing: ask for advice from the guy on the ground. The guy on the ground is the enemy, the judge, the cop, the executioner. He works for the agency that publishes the "dumb chart" that the TWA pilot referred to a few moments before he rammed into the mountain. There was a discussion about the meaning of the controller's last statement. Obviously the first and simplest thing to do was to ask the controller to clear up the problem. But the last thing a pilot wants to do is to admit to the enemy that he needs help. So that pilot—and he is, or was, far too typical—chose to guess what was to be done, rather than expose himself to the possible ridicule or judgment of the guy on the ground. How to "cure" the problem? Get rid of the basic situation that asks highly skilled and experienced men in the air to take orders from narrowly trained youngsters on the ground. Let the airlines own and operate their airports, the weather reporting system, the radio navigational aids, the traffic control system. Until then, the system enforces a hostile confrontation between the pilots and the traffic controllers, and that hostility leads to fatal error. I have 4,000 hours of pilot time, by the way. □

William F. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report, *an investment advisory service, and publisher of the* Financial Book Digest.

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Abzug

The term "onomatopoeic" has been used by linguists to designate words and names which presumably derive from some sound heard in nature. Thus the word "drip" is "drip" because it sounds remarkably like dripping. I have no linguistic credentials; still, I can assure you that the word abzug, as applied to its best known object, is onomatopoeic of a human soul.

Say it softly under your breath, abzug, abzug. Bella wallows out of the sound, her mammoth, sluggish hips ridiculing a body's natural ball and socket litheness. Abzug, abzug: the strange, hooded, leering, Mongoloid eyes. Abzug: the too many teeth, which are certainly all there, yet seem gapped, now above, now below. Abzug: the demagogue's rhetoric, husked out in a voice which cannot be categorized by sex, gross and shameless as the thing itself. This grossness is a tool, used as Belle Barth used grossness. To shock. After all, what you can't cosmetize must be made a virtue. For the reasons, I refer you to John Murray Cuddihy's *The Ordeal of Civility*—an ordeal that Bella Abzug was never even invited to.

At the lectern she plumps for women. There are none in the Senate. "I've always said that a stag Senate means stagnation." (Laughter, much applause.) But her attack is just that, stag as a traveling salesmen's smoker. The voice, of course. The hats which are always male hats, with the testosterone sucked out of them. The butch haircut. She wears a necklace *underneath* her drab, brown dress; you can see one or two pearls at Bella's thick nape. Introduced as "wife and mother," Bella Abzug looks like Jacob Javits in drag.

And where is she? She's at Orange County Community College, which is nowhere in particular. OCCC sponsors such important noncredit courses as 01001: Dog Obedience 1; 01279: Volkswagen Repair (Know Your Volkswagen); 03372: Quilting 1; 03373: Quilting 2 (Designed for those students who have had Quilting 1); NBG-33: Fly-fishing; and the ever popular NBG-27: Cake and Food Decorating 1 (professional icing tricks, border designs and lovely flowers, are part of this course).

It's a Village nightclub routine. Bella will indicate as much. Her prescription for a new America ends with this tagline: "And we've got to see to it that we can have a few laughs once in a while, like tonight." Her delivery, her timing are professional, always on the offensive. More a heckler than a standup comedian. The audience is mostly middle-aged: OCCC faculty and rural humanists. Bella, among hicks, appears just a bit uncertain. She mocks them to their faces. "I find it very interesting that I'm up here in . . . Middletown." (Prolonged pause, laughter.) And later, "I don't know how much gets through up here." (Laughter, applause.) They eat it up. Clapping for Bella Abzug, that's as close as they'll get to Big Apple liberalism. And she needs the laughter: it reassures. She wants, in her way, to be loved.

And here are just some of the statements they applaud.

"Watergate brought us closer than ever before in our history to authoritarian government." Of the House freedom of information and privacy acts, which Bella helped write: "How can you find out what the government is doing and how can you keep the government from finding out what you're doing? You have no idea the amount of files that have been collected on you and everybody else in the nation." Yes, I have. What admirable statements for a conservative. What flagrant hypocrisy for a liberal. Bella's sort of government thrives on intrusion, on manipulation, on voyeuristic census questionnaires. For a small federal contract at my cement factory we have to declare what percentage of blacks, Puerto Ricans, handicapped are employed, how many bathrooms we have, even what amount of recycled pulp is used in our shipping cartons, a question that no box manufacturer can answer with certainty. It goes on and on.

LISTEN to this outrageous juxtaposition. "He [Ford] wants us to authorize $105 billion for the new military budget. Think of it: $105 billion for new nuclear weapons, when we already have enough to destroy the world." She said that. She did: I have it on tape. But no mention of $2 billion in military aid to Israel and the fawning crowd doesn't face her with it. Here's another, painful as a fork tine on your molar filling. "We'll have a lot of missiles and submarines lying around. If we don't use them, they're worthless. And if we do use them, we'll all be . . . dead." (Laughter, applause.) It's funny enough. She intones "dead" the way a Malamud character would. But the gesture, palm uplifted, announces merely the death of reason. Laughter. Applause.

And this. "His [Ford's] duty on oil imports will mean higher expenses for millions of Americans who depend on their cars to go to work." (Applause.) But trouble here. An innocent fool asks Bella to evaluate Governor Carey's budget. Now the Governor wants to put a ten-cent per gallon tax on gas.

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Suddenly she becomes quiet, reasonable; she temporizes. "Well . . . I have some questions about it. I realize the gasoline tax is going to work a hardship for people who need their cars to go to work . . . and I have some questions about that . . . and have so indicated . . . I . . . uh, was glad to see there was some consideration . . . in which he is giving some moneys to [inaudible]." So many "somes" after so many demagogic affirmatives. And, Lord knows, the first inaudible.

Why does Bella Abzug need Governor Carey? Why is she in Middletown, N.Y.? Someone yells out, "Bella in '76!" She demurs, "I'm thinking of running for a different office in 1976." What else, Jim Buckley's stag Senate seat. Well, let her try. I don't, I won't believe the state at large can stomach this dangerous and arrogant clown. I don't believe she would win anything outside her freakish, special precincts, any more than Adam Clayton Powell Jr. could have won outside his. But if Bella does win, at least we'll know: that the mark of the beast is on us and an end must come. □

DANCE

RUTH BERENSON

Battle of the Gods

The spectacle held New York dance lovers enthralled and rather out of breath this winter: the simultaneous performances, at different theaters, of the two biggest ballet stars in the world —Rudolf Nureyev, who defected from the Kirov Ballet in 1961, and Mikhail Baryshnikov, who did the same thing last spring and whose Western debut was as sensationally successful as Nureyev's had been.

Predictably, both denied there was a contest. Nureyev scorned the very idea: "I never try to compete. I only try to dance better than myself." Baryshnikov, with modesty befitting his status as a neophyte, described his compatriot as "a very great dancer," adding that "it is an honor—and very flattering" to be appearing in New York at the same time as he. Actually, this happened by pure coincidence, for the Hurok organization had booked "Nureyev and Friends" long before Baryshnikov went West. But this did not stop anyone from making comparisons.

Both dancers studied with the great Soviet teacher, Aleksandr Pushkin. Both enjoyed star status in the Soviet Union, and left, as they explained, because official policy kept the Kirov company from presenting any but approved ballets, and never anything modern.

But here the similarities end. From his first London appearance—with Margot Fonteyn in *Giselle*—it was clear that Nureyev, then only 23 years old, was more than just an extraordinarily accomplished dancer, that he possessed that mysterious electric aura which makes a very few performers—Nijinsky, for instance, or Garbo, or Eleonora Duse, or Paganini—legends in their own time and after. His haunting Tatar face with its slanting, heavy-lidded eyes; the magnetism that draws an audience's attention to him no matter what else is happening on stage; the courtly grace of his partnering; the controlled abandon of those flying leaps and turns, like those of a wild horse suddenly unleashed—these qualities are combined in a way that is uniquely his. During his 14 years in the West he has shed the self-conscious theatricalities with which, in the beginning, he sought to seduce; he no longer needs them. And he has grown immeasurably; he is now as much at ease with modern choreographies as with those of Petipa or Balanchine. His joyful glee in Paul Taylor's romping *Aureole*, the brooding savagery of his Othello in *The Moor's Pavane*, testified to a versatility, dramatic and technical, which few even among his most perceptive admirers would have originally predicted.

Baryshnikov, though three years older than Nureyev was when he came to the West, seems boyish in comparison. He is shorter, with blond hair, pale skin, and pointed Baltic features; his slender body is finely tuned, like an athlete's. There is also something of the athlete in the way he dances, pushing his finely honed, often acrobatic skills to the uttermost. He hurls, twists, propels himself through space in patterns that leave audiences gasping. Sometimes he goes too far, trying to squeeze in an extra maneuver for which the music does not quite allow—but this is somehow in keeping with the pleasure in sheer movement which he exudes. He can act, too: in *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort*, rechoreographed especially for him by its originator, Roland Petit, he is the quintessential teenager in jeans and bare feet, one moment fooling around, seeing how high he can leap, then taking out his anger at himself and the world by kicking out at inanimate objects like chairs and tables; he makes the youth's final seduction by Death, surely a corny idea, wholly believable. In *Giselle*, his Prince Albrecht is just as convincing—princely, elegant, tender. His partnering of the lovely Gelsey Kirkland reminds everyone of the Nureyev-Fonteyn combo.

Though Baryshnikov coped successfully with four wholly new ballets this winter, he still has only begun to develop beyond mere virtuosity; he must still bridge the gap between *Wunderkind* and mature artist. Nureyev, at 36, is still growing; conscious that his years are measured, he seems determined not to miss a moment of what is left. For dance fans, this can only mean that the contest between these two great dancers —if there is one—has a long time to go before a decision is reached. This winter's first round was a draw. □

SAINTS

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

The Sage and His City

Baltimore is generally considered by Easterners to be a dull and depressing place, a sort of coastal Scranton. It is in fact a city of great, albeit provincial, charm, despite its brown and badly bruised areas, like the soft spots on an apple. The Penn Central tracks approach the city from the north in a circumspect curve, as though guided by some overweening flight controller. If you are sitting on the right side of the car, your first warning of the approaching metropolis comes when the trackside factories begin to yield to parallel rows of two-story brick houses exposing their wooden rumps to Amtrak passengers. Then the flat topography begins to bulge, and the little houses, bristling with chimney pots and trimmed with white Maryland marble, go tumbling over the swells that seem as endless as an Iowa cornfield.

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Even the rebuilt parts of the city belong somehow to an era when the phrase "border state" had real political, architectural, cultural, and culinary significance. The streets are narrow, with melting curbstones, and as swept as a suburban driveway; the marble stoops as scrubbed as the federal buildings forty miles away. As in London or Belfast, the windows in the slum districts have the high polish of determined gentility and, most of them, fresh linen curtains.

DURING the last several weeks, a comfortable study in a handsome three-story town house in a quiet, somnolent, and now decaying district of Baltimore has been reproduced on the tiny stage of the Cherry Lane Theater in New York's West Village: a faded Oriental rug, a footstool, a wing chair, a Victrola, a desk, a swivel chair, a typewriter, and a large bookcase surmounted by a row of beer steins like so many gargoyles on a parapet. In this study lounges a chubby man in shapeless trousers, red galluses, and high-top button boots. Thus lounged in 1930 the most violent iconoclast of twentieth century American letters; the inflicter of Nietzsche upon the Republic; the scoffer at patriotism, business, religion, virginity, Hoover, and America; the man whom the *New York Times* described in the 1920s as "the most powerful private citizen in America."

Paul Shyre, in his *Blasts and Bravos: An Evening with H. L. Mencken*, doesn't really look like the Bad Boy of Baltimore, despite his sartorial authenticity: his jaw is too clean, his profile too sharp, and his thin mouth quite unlike Mencken's own rather voluptuous one. Nor are his voice and intonation right: Mencken sounded gravelly and, at least in the single surviving recording of his conversation, relentlessly ironic. But in the essentials, Shyre as Mencken is superlative.

There is no curtain, so the lights must go out—leaving the rather inapposite ragtime of Scott Joplin to fill in for visual amusements—while H. L. Shyre takes up his position in the swivel chair. As the lights come up again he shuffles through the manuscript of the *Schimpflexion*—a book of calumnies against himself which Mencken encouraged Sara Haardt, later Sara Mencken, to compile—and with gruff delight reads aloud a few: "If a buzzard laid an egg on a dunghill, and that egg produced a creature like Mencken, the buzzard would be justly ashamed of its offspring." Shyre grunts, removes the boots that Mencken wore well into the Twenties (to keep his shoes from falling off his feet, he insisted), and replaces them with slippers. He talks first of growing up in Baltimore and displays the Baltimore No. 10 Self-Inker Printing Press that caused Mencken to follow "in the footsteps of Gutenberg."

Ninety per cent of this two-hour monologue, I should say, directly incorporates material from Mencken's books, essays, and letters. It is fascinating to hear how excellently the rakish yet colloquial prose adapts itself to conversational speech, though Shyre fails to understand that "crazy fat women," a favorite Mencken phrase, should be always compounded—"crazy fatwomen"—to stress the comical generic.

Having provided the autobiographical notes, HLS proceeds to some of the memorable Menckenian one-liners: "Democracy is the theory that the plain people know what they want and deserve to get it good and hard"; "A radical should have precisely the same rights as an archbishop"; "I like everything that goes with heat: mint juleps, straw hats, and no underwear"; "The main reason I like Jews is that I hate Christians." Shyre gives a good deal of time to Mencken's backhanded defense of women, but feminism is a serious subject these days, and the ladies in the audience are not good sports.

All things considered, H. L. Shyre gives a damn good show. It is true that the Mencken he presents is the libertarian who believed in intellectual freedom and free speech up to the extreme limits of tolerance, and that the visceral Tory in politics, who laughed at Upton Sinclair and called Franklin Roosevelt a "milchcow with 125 million teats," is nowhere in evidence.

Nevertheless, the Mencken he depicts is essentially Mencken the cracker barrel philosopher, Mencken the Sage of Baltimore—which is to say, Mencken the advocate of what is at bottom *Gemütlichkeit* common sense. Shyre makes it admirably clear that America's preeminent rebel of his time grew up a self-confessed "larva of the bourgeoisie," the courteous model of the Victorian gentleman who was badly shocked by Hollywood actresses and whom the Greenwich Village sophisticates referred to as "the monthly hick," commuting to New York on the Pennsylvania every couple of weeks to attend to *The Smart Set* and later to the famous *American Mercury*.

FOR ALL his whooping for the works of Nietzsche and Shaw and the un-American aesthetics of James Gibbons Huneker, Mencken's primary allegiance was to the works of grassroots American authors like Mark Twain, Willa Cather, and Theodore Dreiser; although a stickler for etiquette and a man of old world courtliness, he cultivated the image of a man who liked to be photographed in his shirt sleeves and braces, smoked smelly cigars, and wrote poetry "naked." His favorite drinks were not the fashionable cocktails, but plebeian beer "in all its forms" and, as Shyre quotes him, "in wines . . . whatever's cheap." He quipped, when asked why he stayed in America, "Why do men go to zoos?" But when in Paris he grumbled to George Jean Nathan that what he really wanted was a good American toothbrush.

This is the man Mr. Shyre very neatly conveys. He makes me glad that I followed up his show with a necessary trip to Baltimore. The provinces are, some of them, civilized; this old town particularly. Tonight they're serving crab cakes and beer at Schellhase's. Tomorrow it is my sworn professional duty to turn up at Johns Hopkins University, of which it can be said that all during the 1960s it never blew. □

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BOOKS

The Logic of the End

To Defend These Rights: Human Rights and the Soviet Union
By Valery Chalidze
Random House, 340 pp., $10

JANE MAJESKI

Repression in the Soviet Union is generally depicted as occurring outside of any legal framework. The Soviet Constitution of 1936 recognizes basic human rights (the right to work; freedom of speech, of the press, of assembly, of religion, of movement), and the Soviet government's blatant violation of these rights—as exemplified by the Stalinist purges, the forced collectivization of the kulaks, the resettlement of entire nationalities, the persecution of religious minorities, and the current repression of Soviet dissidents—is explained as a totalitarian government's total disregard for legal formalities. Valery Chalidze, a cofounder of the Moscow Human Rights Committee, rejects this analysis of the situation as simplistic. In *To Defend These Rights: Human Rights and the Soviet Union*, he skillfully presents his thesis that the repressive measures of the Soviet government conform to Soviet law as it is interpreted and understood by the Soviet judiciary—an interpretation, albeit, that finds the Western European legal tradition, with its heavy reliance on precedents and procedural formalism, singularly alien.

Law enjoys a rather peculiar position in the Soviet Union, inasmuch as Communist doctrine predicts the withering away of law and the state with the advent of a truly Communist society. Rather than serving merely as a means of regulating society, law in the Soviet Union, Chalidze argues, is accorded a creative role: that of educating Soviet citizens as to the behavior expected from members of a Communist society. The subordination of law to political ideology gives an unusual twist to Soviet judicial proceedings. Instead of arriving at a conclusion after a careful examination of the evidence presented, Soviet judges must render decisions that conform with state policy that is known in advance. In essence, the reasoning of each verdict must make the evidence fit the law, a process Chalidze names "the logic of the end."

Article 190-1 of the Criminal Code of the RSFSR (Russian Soviet Federal Socialist Republic) provides for the prosecution of those who disseminate fabrications prejudicial to the Soviet social and state system. Chalidze's examination of the cases of persons convicted under this statute, however, led him to the conclusion that what is punishable extends to "prejudicial information, prejudicial moods, prejudicial skepticism, and no doubt prejudicial astonishment and questions." In one of the cases he studied, the verdict mentioned as evidence that the defendant "during lunch expressed skepticism toward Communism." Similarly, the power of "the logic of the end" is seen in the cases of individuals tried for "the systematic dissemination in oral form of fabrications known to be false and prejudicial to the Soviet state."

The judges make no effort to ascertain whether or not the information disseminated is, in reality, false because it does not matter. As one Soviet pamphlet states: "Bourgeois propaganda may in certain cases libelously utilize actual facts and reliable statistical data."

The efforts of the Human Rights Committee to establish procedural guarantees in Soviet law, which would safeguard the rights provided by the constitution, have been largely unsuccessful. At best they have introduced the concept that laws *can* be interpreted exactly as they are written rather than creatively to suit the political purposes of the moment. In 1966, two dissidents pasted on walls or dropped into mailboxes about three hundred pamphlets calling for freedom, and the vast majority of the citizens who received them turned them over to the KGB. Hope for the realization of any or all of Chalidze's proposed legal reforms is slim. The Soviet dissident movement is largely incapable of effecting any change in its society because of its inability to command the support or even the attention of the majority of the Soviet population. That change will come from above is even more improbable. Not only would a legal system that allows for the protection of human rights

Jane Majeski *is an editorial assistant at* Saturday Review. . . . **Brenton H. Smith** *teaches history at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. . . .* **Ronald De Feo** *is a frequent contributor to this section. . . .* **Charles Nicol** *teaches history at Indiana State University. . . . Book reviews are indexed in* Book Review Index.

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destroy the absolute control currently exercised by the Soviet government; in addition, the basic premises of such a system are antithetical to orthodox Marxist-Leninist doctrine.

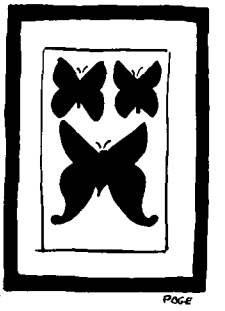
ALTHOUGH *To Defend These Rights* purports to do little more than analyze the Soviet legal system, in reality Chalidze describes in chilling detail the effects of totalitarianism on not only those in opposition to the government but the silent majority of the citizens. This portrait of a society in which any individual choice is for all intents and purposes eliminated is rendered all the more horrifying by the restraint and precision with which it is outlined. Man's ability to resist the state's encroachments upon his freedoms has always been tenuous, and Chalidze believes that Communism, because it implicitly accepts those principles by which governments have suppressed their citizens for centuries ("with us or against us," "the end justifies the means," "the interests of the state above all"), presents a dangerous threat to the cause of all human rights on an international scale. The publicizing of the sufferings endured by the Russian people at the hands of their government in *To Defend These Rights* and other writings by Soviet dissidents, if it cannot improve the situation in Russia, may at least serve as a warning, Chalidze hopes, for those who would sacrifice civil and political rights in order to gain a rather dubious economic equality. □

C. S. Lewis: A Biography
By Roger Lancelyn Green and Walter Hooper
Harcourt, 320 pp., $6.95

REVERENT RETICENCE

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

The dust cover tells us that this is "an informative, affectionate book that will delight veteran readers of C. S. Lewis and win new converts to this man of genius." Well, it's informative. And clearly and conscientiously written. For an authorized biography, though its subject has been dead for a decade, a good job. Its principal virtue is that it puts on the record the main facts and snippets from unpublished writings that deserve publication. But its tone is less affectionate than reverent; which is fine too, for Lewis deserves our reverence (and how telling that in our time the word "irreverent" is widely considered one of the highest terms of praise in the reviewer's thesaurus). What is a little disappointing is that the reverence imparts a sense of remoteness: even though the authors were close to Lewis, they only rarely draw on their memories of him, and then only in the same scrupulously documentary way they draw on his private papers. Veteran readers of Lewis, whom I take to be by and large lovers of Lewis, will find the book indispensable, if only for its documentary value. But I can't imagine the book's winning "new converts" to him.



LEWIS IS not really the sort of man one would approach via biography anyway. Even his autobiography, *Surprised by Joy*, strikes me as a book that is really only accessible to those who are already well acquainted with him, despite its lucid prose: but the necessary acquaintance makes its modest pages reverberate with implicit meanings. For those who wonder what it felt like to be near him, Jocelyn Gibb has collected several short memoirs in *Light on C. S. Lewis*: there one meets the impatient don, the playful friend, the chivalrous debater, and several other characters who want a Boswell to make them one. The *Letters*, edited by his brother, give similar glimpses.

All this may amount to a complaint that the book fails to do what it was not meant to do. Nonetheless, I for one would like to know more about Lewis' own religious position. Though he confined himself to arguments for "mere" Christianity—the doctrines held in common by most denominations of traditional Christians—he worshiped within the Church of England; and given the appeal he holds for Roman Catholics, it would be interesting to know why he clung to the distinction between episcopacy and "papism." Green and Hooper might reasonably reply that if Lewis had wanted me to know this, he would have explained it to me, in a book which as it happens he chose not to write; and as he declined to do so, they (who presumably knew him well enough to give me some sort of answer) will respect his wishes. Fair enough; the dead too are entitled to their privacy; but a biography that too closely hews to the purposes of its subject is less a biography than a chronology.

On its own modest terms, then, the book is perhaps perfect, or nearly so. It contains many things that will not be found elsewhere: an account of the young Lewis' serious estrangement from his father, such facts as that Lewis disliked films (except for *King Kong*), books he liked (he thought *War and Peace* the greatest of novels), subjects he lectured on at the Socratic Club (they included Sartre). For those who, like myself, yearn to know in more detail Lewis' own religious opinions, perhaps the best advice is to read his account of religious controversy in his *English Literature in the Sixteenth Century*; especially the magnificent pages on Richard Hooker, who seems to have taught Lewis as much about the arts—and duties—of controversy as about theology. For, like Hooker, Lewis seldom took up a subject of argument without enlarging one's view of it. He deserves a biographer who will likewise enlarge one's view of him. □

Pledge to Destiny: Charles de Gaulle and the Rise of the Free French Movement
By Robert S. Thompson
McGraw-Hill, 282 pp., $9.95

HOP, SKIP, AND STUMBLE

BRENTON H. SMITH

How do you write your novel? Or your play? Or your history? What is the best plan to follow? Herewith a tempting proposal. Never mind Aristotle's desire for unity of time, place, and action. Set up three or four vaguely related but farflung sectors of action A-B-C-D. Supply each of these with its own fairly distinctive plot and dramatis personae. Bring the plot in sector A to a point of dramatic crisis. Then without providing relief or resolution for the reader

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move on over to sector B and create a second dramatic crisis which is also abruptly left unresolved. And so on with the remaining sectors C and maybe D. Then back to A. After several full repetitions of the basic pattern, produce your satisfying finale. The sectors of action are now brought together in a convincing unity. The composition is complete. But all is not well. The whole thing is old stuff. Some readers may be confused, annoyed, or—worse yet—bored as they are thrown from one place to another just as a climax approaches. Especially in the field of history, this kind of pattern produces questionable results. People who read history take it for granted that any subject matter will have its divisions. But they want these divisions to appeal to human intelligence, not to the urge for melodrama. They do not, for example, tolerate an author who takes them to the start of Pickett's charge at the Battle of Gettysburg and who then breaks off for quite a while in order to describe the state of rising excitement far away in the White House.

ONE AUTHOR who is not scared off by any of these considerations is Robert S. Thompson. His study of Fighting France in World War II contains at least three important sectors of action and several auxiliary ones as well. There is a constant hop, skip, and jump from one to another throughout the book. Sector A is a region of northern France where the resistance is involved in elaborate espionage work during May and June 1942. Sector B is a fort on the Libyan front being defended by the Free French at almost the same time. Sector C is the headquarters of Charles de Gaulle in London. In fact, sector C is the whole career of de Gaulle. In sector A there is a melodrama which moves along like the old, serialized, Saturday-matinee version of *The Lone Ranger*. Two heroes emerge, Gilbert Renault and René Duchez. After many narrow escapes they manage to send off to England plans showing all the German fortifications along the northern coast of France. Obviously something of value. Thompson claims that in 1947 Omar Bradley acknowledged that the Anglo-Americans selected their landing beaches in Normandy with this intelligence in mind. But if there is any truth in this claim, it is a truth that has been vouchsafed only to a very small band of believers. The official British and American histories of the war do not mention the Renault-Duchez episode. Nor is there reference to it in the memoirs of the great soldiers involved, viz., Montgomery, Brooke, de Gaulle, Eisenhower, and Bradley himself.

There is nothing imaginary about Sector B. In the early summer of 1942 Bir Hakeim was the southernmost strong point of the British defense line in Libya. It was actually held by a detachment of 3,600 Free French. These men fought furiously and sacrificially to hold back Rommel's Afrika Korps. They failed. Only a small fraction of them escaped with their lives. The Germans now began to threaten Cairo. All accounts including Rommel's are in agreement about these developments. But Thompson's description does nothing to explain why a prolonged defense of Bir Hakeim was tactically necessary. It is not at all clear whether or not this defense was part of an overall military operation. The impression given here is that the French were simply displaying exemplary valor pretty much the way such valor was displayed by the British in the charge of the Light Brigade.

Charles de Gaulle, of course, is the centerpiece of this work. Thompson is quite correct in claiming his hero was in command of about the only French division which fought effectively in the western front campaign of 1940. But he is incredibly mistaken in many other matters. Despite his repeated claims,

there is no historical evidence that de Gaulle at any time wanted to load the French army onto trains at Paris for shipment to Brest, where general embarkation for North Africa would take place. Such a scheme would have been logistical nonsense. Nobody would have ridiculed it more than de Gaulle himself. Thompson is mistaken too in saying that de Gaulle's adversary, Premier Pétain, made an armistice with the Germans providing that his government would arrest and shoot any Frenchman who pursued the war against Germany. Such an absurd statement shows that Thompson is unfamiliar with the armistice agreement and unfamiliar with any serious history of its circumstances. But, most of all, Thompson is wrong in explaining that in 1940 de Gaulle rejected the armistice and remained at the side of Great Britain because he was counting on American aid *and Soviet entry into the war against Germany*. For this last idea there is no contemporary evidence whatever. In fact, in 1940 de Gaulle had little understanding of the vast forces and shifts of fortune that would be required for the destruction of Hitler's Germany. What kept de Gaulle fighting was not a shrewd estimate of the power and behavior of nations. What kept him fighting was a simple idea: *La défaite de la France éternelle est impossible.* □

Soft City
By Jonathan Raban
Dutton, 229 pp., $7.50

ONE MAN'S CITY

RONALD DE FEO

"Cities, unlike villages and small towns, are plastic by nature. We mold them in our images: they, in their turn, shape us by the resistance they offer when we try to impose our personal form on them." Thus Jonathan Raban explains the title of his new book on cosmopolitan living. The author, a young English critic and essayist (*Encounter*, *New Statesman*) who moved to London some years ago from a Hampshire village, remains quite enthusiastic about city life—surprising when one considers how many new tales of urban horror, corruption, and decline are reported each day. Although Raban recognizes the perils of the city, particularly the sense of depersonalization that can so easily overwhelm residents, he firmly refuses to be defeated by them. By "molding" his city to suit himself he reduces its size, making it less awesome and labyrinthine, more comprehensible and acceptable. Raban obviously has been stimulated by the challenge of urban existence, for in this brief book, which is part survey, part analysis, and part personal observation, he has packed a wealth of stimulating ideas.

The author examines the peculiar city

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Veteran newsman George Murray brings Windy City crime up to date with *The Legacy of Al Capone* (Putnam, $10.95). . . . Finally somebody spells out *The Case against College*: Caroline Bird (McKay, $9.95). . . . Antonia Fraser follows *Mary, Queen of Scots* with a life of her son, *James VI and I* (Knopf, $12.50). For the same house, Thomas C. Reeves writes more than you'd think possible about the imposing Chester A. Arthur in *Gentleman Boss* ($15). . . . St. Martin offers *Terrorists and Terrorism* by Edward Hyams, who seems to endorse both ($7.95). . . . An unvarnished *Thurber* emerges from *New Yorker* staffer Burton Bernstein's portrait for Dodd, Mead ($15). . . . Important but expensive: Michael Oakeshott's *On Human Conduct* (Oxford, $18.50).

■ PAPERBACKS: Inflation note. Mailer's *Marilyn* now out in the Warner *cheap* paperback—at $2.50. . . . Political portent? Mass-market house, NAL, finds it a good commercial bet to feature Galbraith's *Economics and the Public Purpose* ($1.95) on its new list. . . . Two Horatio Alger reprints from Canyon Books of Chatsworth, Calif.: *The Young Outlaw, or, Adrift in the Streets* and *Strong and Steady, or, Paddle Your Own Canoe* ($1.25 each). . . . *The Best of LIFE* is oversized (Avon, $7.95). The same house has a manual for drones, *The Encyclopedia of U.S. Government Benefits*. A huge book, of course ($4.95). . . . *Coping* is a collection of Pat Moynihan's ruminations on government (Vintage, $4.95). . . . Songwriter Alec Wilder's *American Popular Song* is definitive (Oxford, $6.95). The same house reprints C. S. Lewis' celebrated *English Literature in the Sixteenth Century* ($4.95). . . . *The Price of Glory* is Alistair Horne's retelling of the battle of Verdun (Griffin, $3.50).

■ OUT NEXT MONTH: Karl Hess continues to hawk anarchism in *Dear America* (Morrow, $7.95). . . . *NR* contributor Elspeth Huxley out with a major life of *Florence Nightingale* (Putnam, $15). . . . S. Schoenbaum reproduces some two hundred documents in the life of *William Shakespeare* (Oxford, $50). . . . John Cottrell does an extended portrait of *Laurence Olivier* for Prentice-Hall ($10.95). . . . *Charlemagne and His World* is an illustrated study by Friedrich Heer (Macmillan, $15). For the same house, Stephen Spender collects 36 essays on *W. H. Auden* by Cyril Connolly, Hannah Arendt, Christopher Isherwood, and other friends ($14.95). . . . Irina Kirk limns 17 *Profiles in Russian Resistance* (Quadrangle, $10.95). . . . Ever an original, James Q. Wilson does some *Thinking about Crime* for Basic ($10.95). . . . Robert Skidelsky depicts British Fascist *Oswald Mosley* for Holt ($15).

FICTION

Ending Up
By Kingsley Amis
Harcourt, 176 pp., $6.95

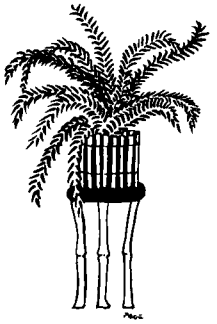
A BRITTLE PENCIL

CHARLES NICOL

For a long time now, British fiction has suffered from a shortage of automobiles. Its characters never go anywhere, and since an author seems limited to the number of people who can fit in a drawing room, they are soon beating tattoos on each other's skin. While this may be fine for the fairly healthy British theater, it limits British novelists to comedies of manners and locked-room detective stories—two highly artificial forms of fiction where the rules are more important than the content—while their vision shrivels like the Empire. A nation of prunes.

A long time ago, Kingsley Amis became famous with *Lucky Jim*, the enduring comedy of a young teacher on the make. But that was during the early days of the "angry young men," those first bright beneficiaries of higher education for the lower classes, who thought they could keep their feet on the streets and their heads above the fog and by sheer toughmindedness break down the pomposities of the British system. They

lifestyle and the various ways in which it can shape personality. Since the city comprises so many people, the individual resident is forever encountering strangers. As a result, he must keep his curiosity in check, for he can't possibly penetrate the mask of each person with whom he comes in contact. The city resident therefore tends to classify people as rapidly as possible. At a glance he recognizes a liar, an enemy, a cheat, a friend. Raban theorizes, in passing, that this need for instant analysis, for speedy simplification, may be one of the reasons why astrology is so popular in big cities. "What are you? What's your sign?" someone asks anxiously.



The resident who cannot cope with all the strangers, who grows distrustful and feels lost in the crowd, is, of course, in for problems. Raban himself enjoys the anonymity that the city affords. As a bachelor who appreciates solitude, he can't understand why we are taught to fear isolation. "Not knowing one's neighbors," he reflects, "may be a privilege, not a dreadful fate." The author often perceives supposedly negative aspects of the city as positive ones, and I think this is why he manages so well in the metropolis. Instead of regarding old, somewhat shabby neighborhoods as candidates for demolition Raban finds in them the real spirit of the city. He expresses contempt for the unimaginative town planners who would turn a crowded street into "a stretch of unbroken grass big enough to fight a war on" or a corner grocery store into "a yawning shopping plaza." For an architect like Le Corbusier, with his plan for green, radiant, streetless cities, Raban has little use. Although the author may not appreciate the role-playing and theatricality of some city residents, he is nevertheless amused by it and writes at length and with relish about the city as theater. In one hilarious passage, he describes how patrons of a restaurant he visits relate stories not for the benefit of their companions but for the consumption of the crowd.

Throughout the book, Raban examines, with perception and originality, the work of writers and specialists who have commented on city life—for example, Dickens, Gissing, Mayhew, Jacobs, and Mumford. At times, his arguments tend to go a bit far afield (passages on consumer trends, for instance, or on the Lévi-Strauss cult as a city phenomenon). And he does fail to discuss a huge segment of the city population, made up of ordinary workers and their families. Still, *Soft City* is a valuable and thoroughly engaging book. And I must admit that although I am a native New Yorker who is sick of muggers, murderers, maniacs, graffiti-decorated subways, sky-high rents, and coarse landlords, I found Mr. Raban's passion for city life to be almost, *almost*, infectious. □

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couldn't, and no one else has taken their place. Significantly, Amis' best recent writing has been his most escapist, such as *The Anti-Death League*. Significantly again, *Ending Up*, which starts realistically and degenerates into farce, features life among the very old.

To economize and create the semblance of a home, five ill-matched septuagenarian pensioners share a country cottage. Irascible Bernard, bitter with piles and the knowledge of approaching dissolution, shirks his responsibilities and continually tries to foment discontent among the other members of the household. His kindly spinster sister Adela holds the household together. Predictably, lower class Shorty works hard in the morning but usually falls into a drunken stupor by late afternoon. George and Marigold are merely comic turns, included in the cast because of their linguistic eccentricities. George, after a stroke that has left him half-paralyzed, is a "nominal aphasic"; unable to find the nouns he needs in his partially frozen mind, he is forced to resort to tortuous circumlocutions: "There was hardly any money in where they keep the money, so they hit him with a tightening-up affair and the iron business for the fire and so on, and took the money in what he was wearing and how you tell the time and even his smoking stuff." Marigold, having as a young woman thought baby talk a charming addition to her personality, now resorts to it continually so that everyone must suffer through her idiocies, such as "chummy-wummies," "checkle-peckle," and "tunka-lunks." Since these two characters are so one-dimensional, they are allowed to develop, or at least change, during the course of the narrative: George recovers from his aphasia and begins to talk everyone's ear off, while Marigold begins to show signs of senility.

Although all the characters are drawn with a fine, sharp, brittle pencil, there is little shading in their paper-thin personalities. Amis has always had a solid comic sense, and our introduction to his old folks promises a good novel; but after we have seen all their little quirks and quiddities, they have nothing more to do—reading *Ending Up* is like watching a clock run down. When there is nothing more to be exploited from the interactions of his five old people, Amis squeezes out a final drop of humor by killing them all off. While this may be tidy it is hardly convincing; unfortunately it must have seemed permissible in the current denatured state of the British novel. □

Kind Kit, An Informal Biography of Christopher Marlowe
By Hugh Ross Williamson
St. Martin's, 269 pp., $6.95

BRINGING MARLOWE'S LEGEND TO LIFE

LINDA BRIDGES

"Informal biography" is the operative phrase in this title. So little is actually known about Christopher Marlowe's life that the standard, "formal" biographies would not be book length if they did not either contain more criticism than biography or describe in detail how and where each piece of information was found. What Mr. Williamson has done instead is "to research and prepare as if for an academic thesis and then only, hedged by that knowledge, to use the historical imagination to try to bring the subject to life."

"All we know of Christopher Marlowe's life could be comfortably written on one sheet of writing paper" is no exaggeration. Marlowe was born on February 6, 1564, the son of a cobbler. He went first to King's School, Canterbury, and then to Cambridge. Cambridge, alleging that he was a secret Roman Catholic, refused to grant him his MA until the Privy Council intervened. He went to London and wrote several plays; how many he wrote, and how much of the writing in each is his, is still a matter of dispute. He apparently enjoyed the patronage of Thomas Walsingham and the Countess of Pembroke. He was killed on May 30, 1593 (and even this has been disputed, by Calvin Hoffman in *The "Murder" of the Man Who Was Shakespeare*).

The continuing literary interest in Marlowe is easily understood: the saw that he is second only to Shakespeare as an English verse dramatist happens to be true. But the meager facts we know about his life could hardly have sustained the considerable extraliterary interest in him if he were not seen as a conspicuous rebel, a symbol of the Renaissance. What one might call Marlowe's legend is made up of four elements: that he was a homosexual, an atheist, a Machiavellian, an inveterate brawler. Mr. Williamson accepts the first two items and rejects the last two.

The generally held notion that Marlowe was homosexual is derived mainly from table talk. Those who reject this hearsay evidence point out that a) it was reported to the authorities by professional informers and by men who stood to gain by turning Queen's evidence, and b) rebellious young men in any era will say things they don't mean *pour épater les bourgeois*. However, the hearsay is buttressed by Marlowe's writings. *Edward II* can be argued away, on the grounds that deducing a playwright's opinions from his plays is a risky business; but *Hero and Leander*, with its extravagantly sensual descriptions of the young man, comparative lack of interest in the young woman, and interpolated homosexual scenes with Neptune, is solider corroboration.

A playwright does have one way of speaking directly to his audience: through a raisonneur; although it is sometimes debatable who, if anyone, is the raisonneur in a particular play. If you argue, as I do, that Mephistopheles is the raisonneur in *Doctor Faustus*, then Marlowe, whatever else he was, was no atheist. An anti-Christian, very possibly, a man who refused to be beholden to God for His blessings; but not an atheist. To dismiss Marlowe's exploration of this subject as Mr. Williamson does, with the words, "His theological understanding enabled him to clothe catechetical accuracy in memorable words," is to argue away some of his most powerful writing and therefore to undercut the probability that *any* of his writing is personal. This seems to me the one real flaw in *Kind Kit*. Since Mr. Williamson relies heavily on *Edward II* and *Hero and Leander* as expressions of Marlowe's love for Thomas Walsingham, his dismissal of *Faustus* does his own argument no good.

That Marlowe worked for Sir Francis

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Walsingham's secret service on occasion is not generally disputed. But Mr. Williamson does not accept the usual conclusion—that Marlowe was as hard-boiled a Machiavellian as any of his heroes—or the related idea that he would draw sword at the drop of a hat. His Marlowe, on the contrary, is a physical and moral coward, who avoided a fight whenever he could and who continued to work for the Service even though he detested its methods and sympathized with its victims. This leads Mr. Williamson to conclude that Marlowe precipitated his own death by finally refusing another assignment, which does fit with the facts of his death at the hands of Walsingham's agents. However, the whole argument is based mainly on two lines spoken by an unattractive character in *Tamburlaine* (" 'I know, sir, what it is to kill a man: It made [sic] remorse of conscience in me' "), and on Marlowe's nickname, Kind Kit—which a) is ambiguous (nicknames can be ironic) and b) need not be relevant (a man's friendliness to his friends says nothing about his willingness to fight an enemy).

Mr. Williamson has presented these theories in something like novel form, although his writing is clearly an historian's rather than a novelist's. It is a little contrived in the construction of dialogue, especially intimate dialogue between Marlowe and Thomas Walsingham. The real glory of the book is its footnotes, in which Mr. Williamson addresses the reader directly and, e.g., debunks another biographer ("This simple point may assist the reader in evaluating the judgment and understanding of those who make such an elementary mistake about Marlowe's circumstances") or glosses a Latin quotation ("Since to a nonclassical generation like our own this particular myth is not too well known, I may perhaps without discourtesy explain . . ."). And his epilogue on Marlowe and Shakespeare is the most sensible thing I've ever read on the subject.

Mr. Williamson says: "All I claim for *Kind Kit* is that what I have narrated *could* have happened as I have reported it." I would put it more narrowly. If it happened like this at all, then this must be exactly the way it happened. But *did* it happen like this? *Kind Kit* is a superb response to the standard biographies. In turn, the best response to *Kind Kit* would be another "informal biography," taking the same skeleton of facts and fleshing it out differently. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

SURVIVING THE LONG NIGHT, *by Sir Geoffrey Jackson (Vanguard, 226 pp., $7.95).* While serving as British ambassador to Uruguay, Jackson was kidnapped in January 1971 by the Tupamaro guerrillas, apparently in order to embarrass and discredit the Uruguayan government. He was locked up for eight months in two different 4- by 6-foot underground wire cages and guarded by shifts of Marxist-Leninist revolutionaries wearing Ku Klux Klan-style white hoods. This book, which was published in Great Britain under the title *People's Prison*, is both the deeply personal story of a cultured and courageous man and a perceptive first-hand report on the most elusive and for several years most successful of Latin America's urban guerrillas. A devout Roman Catholic, Jackson survived the long night by reading the Bible and other books he was given, disciplining his mind and avoiding morbidity, and taking daily exercises within his cage. (He hopes to follow this book with another which will tell the "strange and irrefutable responses of the human spirit to captivity and solitude.") After recounting several of the "pathetically few" lighthearted moments of his captivity, Jackson concludes that the Tupamaros lacked long term vision and were characterized by naked ferocity and a morbid and antihuman fatalism. The environment of his prison was one of "clandestinity, conspiracy, and ever encroaching totalitarianism." This book and that of another released Tupamaro prisoner, Claude Fly (*No Hope but God*), give the lie to the revolutionary hot air about Tupamaro altruism as depicted in the popular film *State of Siege*. As Jackson writes, "too many harmless eggs were broken to make their particular omelette." W. E. RATLIFF

ELSA'S HOUSEBOOK, *A Woman's Photojournal, by Elsa Dorfman (Godine, 80 pp., $5.95).* A camera in Elsa Dorfman's hands becomes an extension of herself, as can be seen in this small and charming book with its pictures of Allen Ginsberg, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Charles Olson, the one-eyed Robert Creeley, and the varied and various others who have passed through her little duplex house in Cambridge and sat on her mock-Empire sofa to let themselves be photographed. Her *Housebook*, with its easy, slightly acid text, is a revival of the old family album but expanded into the third dimension of art. A document in a nutshell. One can almost smell contemporary Cambridge in its pages. Oddly enough, Elsa came to photography late after working at the Grove Press arranging poetry readings for Ginsberg and a series of counterpoets. From getting to know them, she came to photograph them, and her pictures and her home thoughts have produced this intimate book neatly balanced between 80 pages of text and 80 pictures. She writes disarmingly with a simplicity that conceals much strength. And her eye is as unerring as her camera, if it is merely in a glimpse of an overweight Pentecostal. Friends, furniture movers, relatives, nieces, as well as poets, pass through her pages. Beyond their passage the poignancy of evanescent time is there. Her opening photograph of her empty front room, the couch and the numdah rug littered with the Sunday paper, somehow achieves that sense of urban isolation that Hopper found. By contrast there is exuberant Elsa selling her pictures from a supermarket shopping cart in Harvard Square just before Christmas. Her house is unforgettable, a diminished version of the mansard-roofed Victorian mansions once known as "the atrocities of '72." All of her intense sense of place comes out in these photographs, a singular mixture of Murger and earth-consciousness. I find what she has done in prose and pictures altogether extraordinary, something to outlast many a pretentious coffee table book at five to ten times the price. For in its Dorfmanesque way and at the Cambridge level, it has captured a glimpse of our times. Something permanent. I recommend that it be sealed in the cornerstone of every Cambridge and Boston building built in the next five years. FRANCIS RUSSELL

WOODY HAYES AND THE 100-YARD WAR, *by Jerry Brondfield (Random House, 309 pp., $7.95).* BUCKEYE, *by Robert Vare (Harper's Magazine Press, 240 pp., $7.95).* Hayes, the coach of the Ohio State Buckeyes, ranks third on the list of all-time winning football coaches, behind Pop Warner and Bear Bryant, but no one surpasses him in controversy. Which explains why people are writing books about him. Jerry Brondfield is an alumnus of Ohio State as well as an occasional recruiter for its football team. Not surprisingly, his book isn't at all critical of Hayes, but besides telling lots of Nice Woody stories Brondfield also shows the grueling work involved in fielding a big-time college football team. The Vare book is for all those people who hate Woody Hayes. Hayes is a winner, a believer in competition, a conservative. "In the post-Vietnam, post-Watergate era," Vare has written, "Woody is one of the few conservative heroes still winning." Vare, in his own small way, tries to make Woody a loser. But just as *Buckeye* was getting off the ground, *Chicago Daily News* columnist Mike Royko charged that there was a striking structural similarity between *Buckeye* and *Boss*, which Royko wrote a couple of years ago. And John Hicks, a former Ohio State All American who now plays for the New York Giants, has recently said that Vare offered money to injured Buckeye players if they would tape the team's locker room before and after games. In the post-Vietnam, post-Watergate era, it's nice to see a liberal losing. KEVIN LYNCH

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MARTIN

(Continued from page 286)

Bronowski's understanding of meaning as knowledge and of knowledge as observation might not be comforting in its reliability. He says: "Every theory is based on some analogy, and sooner or later the theory fails because the analogy turns out to be false. A theory in its day helps to solve the problems of the day." Well, I suppose we must thank Stratified Stability for small favors.

But what about me? *My* meaning? It's a fair question to which every religion has addressed itself. Bronowski has only this clubbing answer: "If it is true that probability has brought us here, is not the probability so low that we have no right to be here?" And when we stutter, "But . . . but . . ." Bronowski seems to anticipate the objection. "Of course . . . nature works by steps. The atoms form molecules, the molecules form bases, the bases direct the formation of amino acids, the amino acids . . ." and so on, and so on, "until higher configurations are formed," until "there is no way for chance to go." That *is* a relief! But is it meaning?

Of course not. The difficulty is that it is more than merely dishonest rubbish. For adults, it is one more dully familiar assurance that being human is a cruel joke. But for young minds, Bronowski's mixture of nonsense echoed by so much nonsense of the same sort from equally honored men and women in the field of science is lethal. Feed young minds nonsense and they grow up nonsensical. And is that not the chief difficulty nowadays? Increasingly, human life and society make no sense any more. Confusion is the order of the day. Slovenly minds and mind-boggling nonlogic are praised, honored, taught as the real truth, and pushed forward to replace "past beliefs."

Bronowski, writing from pride and an intellect gone to seed, loyal not even to the integrity which he touts so highly as the cornerstone of science, is now having a profound influence on children and young people, not to mention the confused adults who would guide them, by mass exposure of this serialized "Upstairs, Downstairs" of life and meaning.

It is this misadventure coming at the end of his life as a scientist, together with the dehumanized condition of soul which it presupposes in Bronowski, that makes him an object of pathos, and deserving of a religious Requiem. For himself, Bronowski was what he considered every one of us to be—a trousered ape, a hominid who by chance succeeded, a lemming whom luck spared from suicide, a complex of proteinoids improbably put together by Stratified Stability, and resting four-square on DNA's four bases.

For the believer, Jacob Bronowski was what we believe every one of us to be—a special person whose immortal soul is precious in God's eyes. And believers can pray, beyond the glimpses of Bronowski's intelligent observation and without sanction of Stratified Stability, that in God's own order of love, Bronowski is by now a man whose noxious views have been dissolved in the clarity of eternal truth. □

BRUDNOY

(Continued from page 283)

"quality education" somebody told them can come by sitting next to whites, perhaps then the folly of busing will be realized even by Judge Garrity.

The statistics keep rolling in. A new Philadelphia study indicates that blacks do all right in mixed schools but "experience significant learning growth as the proportion of *blacks* [my italics] in the schools increases." White students also do all right in mixed schools but "seem to experience some learning declines when they attend schools that are more than half black." Well, the statistics are inconclusive; everybody has a favorite batch to prove whatever point's on tap this morning. But no one has shown that massive forced busing in hostile territory significantly benefits anyone, except bus companies.

They'll push it out to the suburbs, most likely, if the Great and General Court (the legislature) can act fast enough to head off Judge Garrity at the pass. But that won't work either. The suburbs happily accept a token black here and there, but won't take Negroes in numbers sufficient to convince Garrity that busing *within* Boston is no longer ordained by the Constitution. As I write this, Judge Garrity has let it be known that his primary goal is "integration." He means: busing. The two have nothing to do with each other.

Boston is in chaos, and Federal Judge W. Arthur Garrity Jr., of suburban white Wellesley, smiles his Buddha smile and marches blithely along—castigating, ordering, tut-tutting. The major phenomenon in Boston's recent experience, busing for the sake of busing, is a monumental bust. □

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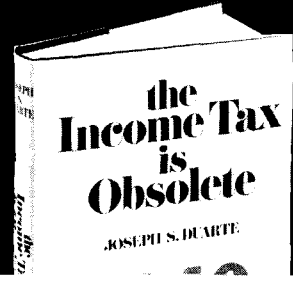
PRICE CONTROLS OR TAX REFORM?



Direct income taxes transfer money from the private sector to the public sector. When the market is bypassed and replaced by a bureaucratic distribution system the market mechanism is rendered powerless to control prices and government controls become inevitable. About 40% of income is now taxed so the market is operating with only 60% effectiveness and getting weaker. Can this trend be reversed?

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 255)

Are we really expected to regard environmentalists as a homogeneous group of neo-Nazis in the process of subverting mankind to their "violent and brutal schemes"? How is one to take seriously what Mr. Young conjectures as a possible coincidence, "that the most determined attempt to revive paganism in our time occurred in Nazi Germany"?—something which the supposed assaulters of "Western human dignity," i.e., environmentalists, are evidently in the process of doing.

In the very use of the word "paganism," he has grasped so much diversity as to render the term meaningless to his argument. Furthermore, human dignity akin to that known to Christianity, "the traditional Western view," has its very roots in some ancient pagan cultures—certain periods in the history of Greece being obvious exemplars.

Vancouver, B.C. E. K. ELDRITCH

Movie Appreciation

In "Democratizing Phi Bete" [Feb. 14] you deliver the most recent of several jabs against what you tendentiously call "movie appreciation." The time has come to take arms against your smug attacks.

I am a graduate student in USC Cinema school, and expect to take my MA in June. My emphasis is history-criticism-aesthetics. I have been teaching a single class in this subject at Orange Coast College for the past four years.

Let me assure you that in my classes we do not dwell on the delights of *Beach Blanket Bingo* or *I Was a Teenage Frankenstein*. We study the works of such towering figures as Griffith, Eisenstein, Von Stroheim, Chaplin, Keaton, Resnais, Truffaut, Bergman, and Kurosawa. The fact that you continue to run film reviews shows that you recognize tacitly what you hesitate to admit openly: that the motion picture is indeed an art form, and a very important one in our society.

The work of such people as I have listed may not be equal to that of Shakespeare or Chaucer. However, students majoring in, say, English spend a good deal of their time studying the work of artists far below such a lofty tier. Some day the motion picture may present the world with its own Chaucer or even Shakespeare. In the meantime, it is foolish to reject the work of an artist as unworthy of academic inspection simply because he has chosen to work in the kinetic art.

Garden Grove, Calif. RUSSELL W. MARTIN

Students' Rights

Your editorial "Mayday, Mayday" [Feb. 14], on the cash prizes just awarded to the 1,200 protestors arrested in Washington, brings to mind thoughts of remuneration, not necessarily by the government, to those people who were forced to finance some of that show. I was attending the University of Rhode Island and paying a mandatory "Student Activities Tax" when a number of my fellow kids found it desirable to charter buses to the capital and later to bail out ten or so companions. There was no referendum put to the student body as was customary with controversial issues. The Student Senate merely rubberstamped its leadership's decisions. Scattered objections were ignored.

It might prove interesting if the courts ever discover this violation of First Amendment rights.

Ithaca, N.Y. GARY BODEN

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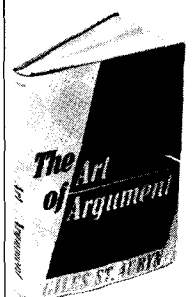

Here is a clear simply written basic guide to logical thinking, showing how to spot the fallacies, the prejudices and emotionalism, the inappropriate analogies, etc., in the other fellow's argument and how to watch for and avoid the irrational in your own judgments. The author makes plain not only *how* but also *why* people resist facing the truth.

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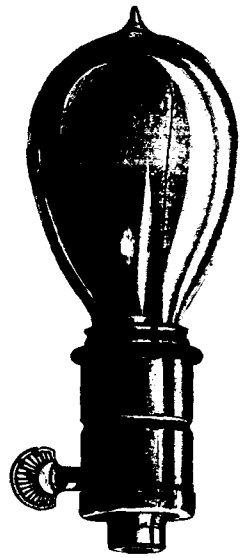

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Assault on the CIA

On The Right

New York, Feb. 24—It is reassuring to note that a few members of the Establishment came together for a highly publicized informal testimonial dinner in honor of Mr. Richard Helms, lately director of the Central Intelligence Agency, for the purpose of repulsing the shock troops engaged in a war against the CIA in which they want unconditional surrender. Averell Harriman, for instance, was there, detaching himself from his younger colleagues, hungry to do to the CIA what they really want to do to the United States of America, namely, humiliate her. I do believe that if it were possible, some of these gentlemen would disrobe the Statue of Liberty, to expose American Shame.

Really what we have failed to take into account is that nowadays the differences between formal states of war and of peace are less clearly defined than they were. Clearly we fought a war in Indochina, but we did not denominate it as such. Nor did we declare war against Castro Cuba even while mounting a huge military operation against it. All of this is because a formal declaration of war carries the implicit obligation of the warmaking power to use its total resources, and our total resources come close to the power to blow up the globe. Accordingly, we stress war less; but the obligations to keep the general peace impose upon us a condition of alertness, an attraction to the minor operation for the purpose of aborting the major operation. This factor the critics of the CIA give insufficient attention to in pursuing Operation Impotence.

Mr. William J. Casey, who is now president of the Export-Import Bank, was recently given the William J. Donovan Award. Mr. Casey was chief of Secret Intelligence for the European Theater of Operations during the Second World War, and in his remarks accepting the award, he reminisced about some of the achievements of the OSS, precursor of the CIA during the war. The Americans, struggling to emerge from an age of innocence, began the war without an intelligence arm. "It's hard for us to realize today that there was a time in 1940 and 1941 when William J. Donovan was a one-man CIA for President Roosevelt."

There are a multiplicity of reminiscences in Mr. Casey's speech. One that particularly strikes the imagination was the report in 1942, from an escaped Norwegian scientist, that the Germans were probably on to the feasibility of an atom bomb based on heavy water. Hitler had ordered a tripling of production from a plant in central Norway, which was the only source of heavy water in Europe. The Norwegian scientist fashioned plastic explosives exactly appropriate to destroy the laboratories in which he had recently worked, and these were attached by nine Norwegian paratroopers. But a few months later, the Germans had the plant back in operation. Eisenhower sent 155 Flying Fortresses to destroy the plant. Destroyed, instead, were Norwegian civilians and Allied airmen. But Hitler, fearing a more successful sortie, ordered the plant disassembled and brought to Germany. A huge aerial assault on the ferryboat carrying the plant was ordered. But a single agent entered the boat, applied plastic explosive to its hull, and slithered off before it sailed. "Halfway across," Mr. Casey recalls, "the innards of the heavy water plant and some 15,000 litres of heavy water went to the bottom of the sea and are still there. This operation may have deprived Hitler of the atom bomb with all that would have meant for our civilization."

I WONDER what we are supposed to do if some madcap little country manufactures, or—more likely—steals, a couple of atom bombs. Complain to the Security Council? Devastate the country with our own nuclear bombs? Or, better, how are we supposed to discover whether such a country has designs on the atom bomb? Is there a way, inexpensive to human life, to abort such a development? All these plots sound Graustarkian, but the possession of the bomb is every bit as melodramatic as the possession of the Prisoner of Zenda.

Nothing is more expensive than ignorance; nothing more apocalyptic than crises that result from ignorance. If we had known the missiles were on their way to Cuba, we might have aborted their installation without the nuclear suspense of October 1962. It is, in the last analysis, an exercise in unintelligence to go as far as the enemies of the CIA seem prepared to go. □

KISSINGER LOOKS ABOUT HIM

Geneva, Feb. 26—Mr. Henry Kissinger, pausing in Geneva, has every reason to feel beleaguered. It is too easy to say that he is beleaguered because he lives in an international order of which he has served over seven years as the principal Western architect. That explanation is inadequate. He sees a very nearly universal deterioration in the state of affairs, which is the result not so much of irresistible pressure from our enemies, as maladroit responses by our friends. People like Majority Leader Mansfield, and the editors of the *New York Times*, still fall, officially, in that category.

Take Turkey. Congress voted to cut off arms sales to Turkey. The Greeks, desiring that this should happen, stalled on purpose over Cyprus, sufficiently to prevent that progress in the absence of which the arms boycott was mandated. The Turkish response was: you people (us Americans) need your radar and other secret installations far more than we Turks need them—hell, we don't even know how to operate them. So if you want to play that kind of game, go ahead. And Turkey veers off toward a kind of Iraqian hostility. Meanwhile Greece is not able to control Makarios (nobody, the Good Lord included, has ever quite succeeded in doing this) and he has revved up sentiment in Cyprus for an irredentist war which Karamanlis, a longtime friend of the United States, dare not be less than helpful with. The result: two increasingly impotent powers, the two most important in our Eastern alliance, headed toward immobility.

At the other end of the continent, the Communists are moving in Portugal under the direct supervision of Mos-

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cow without the least objection by anybody. Whereas the United States is thought venal if we attempt to "interfere" in any way in the direction of helping social democrats in a beleaguered country, the Soviet Union is repected for moving to help the totalitarians in any beleaguered country. The interesting question is whether the Communists will simply take over Portugal, or whether they will stay more or less in the background and permit the army to give the orders, something like the Peruvian situation a stage or two advanced. This poses exquisitely subtle problems for the United States. If Portugal became forthrightly Communist, say like Bulgaria, we could, if not intercede directly, at least suspend Portugal's participation in NATO. If the Communists play it smart, Portugal would continue to be a member of NATO in good standing, and would sit there and share all the military secrets and plans exchanged among NATO units. This would considerably relieve the responsibilities of the KGB in Portugal and in other NATO countries.

Meanwhile, we have suspended military aid to Chile, because we disapprove of Chile's internal policies. But since every reporter working for the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* is roaming the back streets of Chile with flashlights looking for one suspicious $100 bill, we cannot even help the moderates in Chile working to liberalize the current regime. The result is that Chile will have to hoard its precious reserves, wasted under Allende in his prodigal rush toward socialism, to buy—Russian or Chinese arms. It is axiomatic that one tends to lean toward the foreign policy of the country whose arms one purchases.

In Indochina the simple facts bear retelling. Congress promised $1.4 billion in aid. But Senator Mansfield got around to appropriating only $700 million, the idea being to deliver $300 million of the remaining $700 million by now and the rest later. By now, America has lurched into an isolationist scrupulosity which would make it extremely difficult for any President, or any Secretary of State, to commit himself to the delivery of one ping-pong table per month for 14 months. Whereas last June Graham Martin, our able Ambassador to Saigon, saw the smoke clearing at last; and, in Cambodia, where the Red Chinese were about ready to negotiate the year before, suddenly we had to stop the bombing, and now the situation in South Vietnam is bad, the Cambodian situation worse: and the Red Chinese feel nothing but contempt for a superpower which cannot keep its own word on a commitment so relatively trivial. Lose the eastern and western flanks of NATO, and you have nothing left there. Persuade Latin America that we will alter policy to the disadvantage of any country that beats up one leftwinger, and we will be treated universally with the contempt we are now treated with in Peru and Mexico. In the Far East, there is only Japan. The situation is oiling up for Japan to feel the magnetic lure of one of the superpowers. Which one? The one that couldn't stay friends with Greece and Turkey; or the ones that, 30 years after the fighting, still maintain tightly their control over blocs of captured countries, and live in a world in which we are disdained, and they are honored and respected? □

MRS. THATCHER *London*, Feb. 28—There are a number of rather mean interpretations floating about Great Britain to account for the astonishing victory of Mrs. Thatcher, the most pointed of which is that the Tories have no prospects whatever of taking power so they may as well have a spell of tokenism under a woman leader, after which, when the next election contest looms, she can be dumped and replaced by someone serious.

Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge, who is terrifyingly skilled in the art of disparagement, was asked on television a few days before Mrs. Thatcher's victory to account for it. "Her victory is the direct result of a medium," he said, remarking yet again the frequently remarked absence, in Edward Heath, of telegenic charm. "Does Mrs. Thatcher come through on television?" he was asked. "Well," he said with his dangerous angel-smile, "she has a certain imbecile charm."

The English approach to politics is these days entirely hedonistic. Inasmuch as the country is headed toward the cliff, and nobody has the combination of will and power to keep it from going over, everybody is enjoying the parade. The *Daily Telegraph*, whose political reporters are a joy to read, gave an account of the debate in the House of Commons on the afternoon just before the vote that deposed Edward Heath. Everyone's mind was on the forthcoming vote. "What was needed," writer John O'Sullivan solemnly noted in his dispatch, "above all in this tense atmosphere was a good joke—and that was provided by Mr. Robert Adley (C., Christchurch and Lymington) and fate working in unison.

"Mr. Adley had put down a question on the order paper. Would Mr. Wilson place in the Commons Library a copy of his speech on the current economic situation delivered on Monday, January 20, to the TUC Labor Party Liaison Committee?

" 'No,' replied Mr. Wilson. 'I made no such speech.'

" 'Then that,' responded Mr. Adley, neatly avoiding a bad fall, 'would account for its absence from the Library.' Relieved by the opportunity to break the tension, MPs on all sides laughed uproariously."

Another reporter, Mr. Adrian Berry, during the blissfully short (one week) campaign involving Mr. Whitelaw and Mrs. Thatcher, led off his story two days before the election as follows: "Mrs. Margaret Thatcher appeared to increase her chances of election victory as Party leader yesterday when she received a standing ovation of one minute and ten seconds after speaking to some seven hundred people at the Young Conservatives National Conference at Eastbourne.

"Mr. William Whitelaw, by contrast, seemed to lose ground by his failure to produce a speech.

"Instead, restricting himself to questions and answers, he replied to dull questions in a somewhat dull manner—mainly on the fairly dull subject of the future devolution of political power."

This is good straightforward stuff, and should be emulated by all American reporters.

BUT NOTE the standing ovation for Mrs. Thatcher—by young Conservatives. They like her because she is wonderfully straightforward and, mirabile dictu, unapologetically conservative concerning things like inflation, labor union makework, the tyranny of the Trade Union Congress. Her background is impressive in a party that has tended, when looking for a leader, to thumb through lists of unemployed Etonians. She worked her way through school and became a research chemist. In her twenties, she became interested in the law—and took a law degree and practiced. That is the kind of upward mobility the Socialists are always talking about, and always resenting because, after all, if you rise, almost by definition you rise with reference to others who do not. Mrs. Thatcher has communicated successfully at least to the Young Conservatives, and indeed to the majority of Conservative members in the House of Commons, that she wants others in England to have the same opportunities she has had: which means an opportunity for the Kingdom to rise up from the sticky coils of egalitarian socialism. It is my guess she bears watching. Put me down as a fan. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A practitioner of commercial enterprise — 36 149 171 22 143 213 221 26 75 115 / 7 25

B. A woman woman-suffragist (1820-1906) — 18 27 8 114 44 58 153

C. An employees' organization — 24 14 74 77 152 161 164 172 184 207

D. Full of bread fragments — 83 67 29 196 146 220

E. A lake where one could practice a speech (using a scrambler) — 110 128 40 57 191 130 194

F. The liquor in which hides are put in tanning — 104 73 148 175 162 218 208

G. One of Texas' 254 counties — 120 79 131 204 186 1 69 47

H. ICY LANDS — 181 139 119 169 205 211 55 66

I. A boxer who does not carry over 112 pounds — 193 133 159 98 2 223 129 155 232

J. Islands near Scotland — 197 195 106 70 95 226

K. A period of lessened economic activity — 4 108 89 200 30 97 156 160 138

L. Polished — 45 80 61 132 192 38

M. Pleasing sound — 76 210 178 12 3 157 217

N. A kind of match — 187 16 62 92 31 42 111 158

O. An economic system which frequently bails out other systems — 201 9 17 34 39 231 56 82 91 109 / 126 136 182 188

P. Available in great quantity — 212 166 140 228 224 176 46

Q. Charmed — 142 37 90 165 183 189 230 214 107 123

R. DREAD TWIN — 154 32 203 19 177 229 59 54 71

S. Exacted satisfaction for a wrong — 163 49 190 60 5 112 124

T. Keep alive — 173 20 141 179 33 100 222

U. The marketing of commodities — 28 10 43 51 63 88 93 103 113 118 / 137 144

V. A copy of a letter — 11 50 81 215 206 122

W. An unguent applied to the skin — 68 52 85 72 13 180 219 168

X. A harmonica — 64 84 125 145 41 23 48 117 134 78

Y. A balsamweed — 96 53 86 185 35 101 121 15 6

Z. A by-product, usually in the form of waste — 99 198 21 94 147 150 127 167 87

a. Urged into action — 116 170 105 225 151 199

b. A college in Mississippi — 135 102 216 174 65 202 209 227

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 300 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 G	2 I	3 M	4 K	5 S	6 Y		7 A	8 B	9 O	10 U	11 V	12 M	13 W	14 C	15 Y		16 N	17 O	18 B
19 R		20 T	21 Z		22 A	23 X	24 C	25 A		26 A	27 B	28 U	29 D	30 K	31 N	32 R	33 T	34 O	35 Y
	36 A	37 Q	38 L	39 O		40 E	41 X	42 N	43 U		44 B	45 L	46 P	47 G	48 X	49 S	50 V	51 U	52 W
53 Y	54 R		55 H	56 O		57 E	58 B		59 R	60 S	61 L	62 N	63 U	64 X	65 b	66 H		67 D	68 W
69 G	70 J	71 R		72 W	73 F	74 C	75 A	76 M		77 C	78 X		79 G	80 L	81 V		82 O	83 D	84 X
85 W	86 Y	87 Z	88 U	89 K		90 Q	91 O	92 N	93 U	94 Z	95 J	96 Y	97 K		98 I	99 Z		100T	101Y
102b	103U	104F	105a		106J	107Q	108K	109O		110E	111N	112S		113U	114B	115A	116a	117X	
118U	119H		120G	121Y	122V	123Q		124S	125X	126O	127Z	128E	129I		130E	131G	132L	133I	134X
135b	136O	137U	138K		139H	140P	141T		142Q	143A	144U	145X		146D	147Z	148F		149A	150Z
151a	152C	153B	154R	155I	156K	157M	158N		159I	160K	161C		162F	163S	164C	165Q		166P	167Z
168W		169H	170a	171A	172C	173T	174b		175F		176P	177R	178M	179T	180W	181H	182O	183Q	184C
185Y		186G		187N	188O	189Q	190S	191E	192L		193I	194E	195J	196D		197J	198Z		199a
200K	201O	202b	203R	204G	205H	206V	207C		208F	209b	210M		211H	212P	213A	214Q		215V	216b
217M		218F	219W	220D	221A	222T	223I	224P	225a		226J	227b	228P		229R	230Q	231O	232I	

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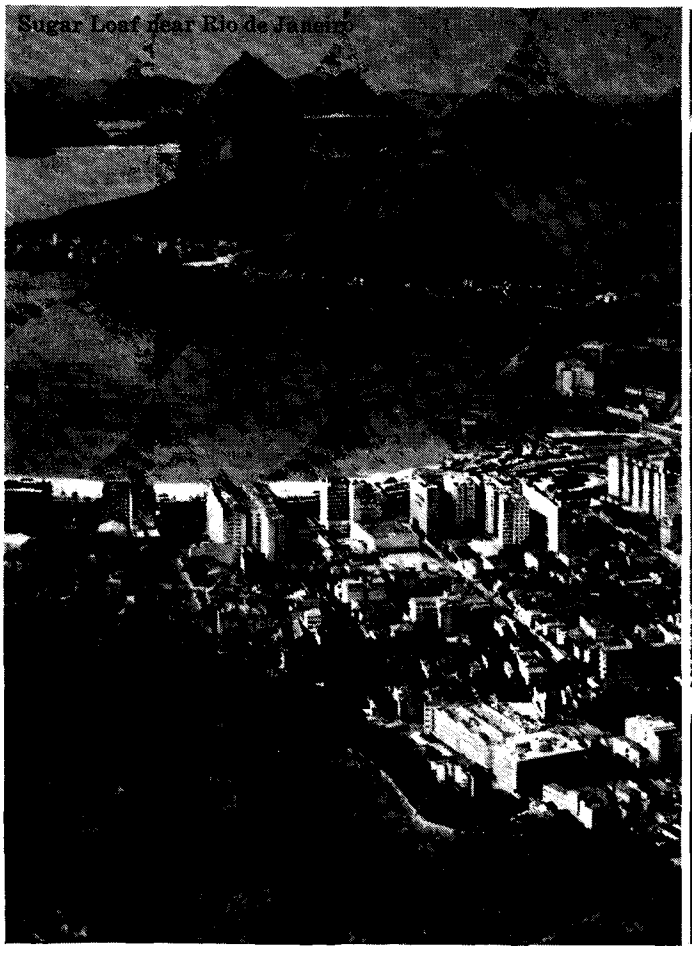
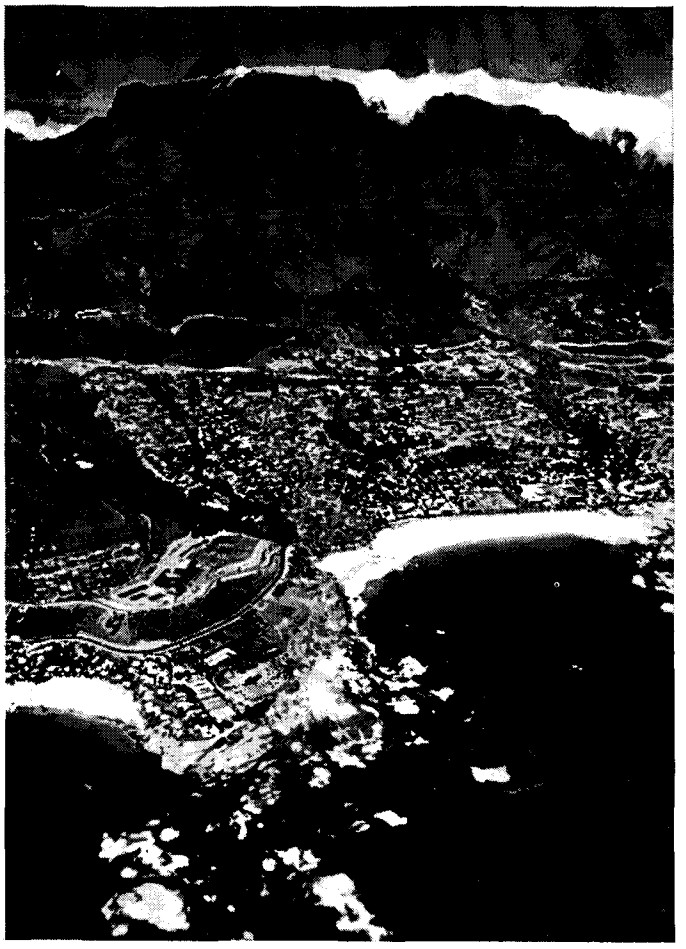

Sugar Loaf near Rio de Janeiro



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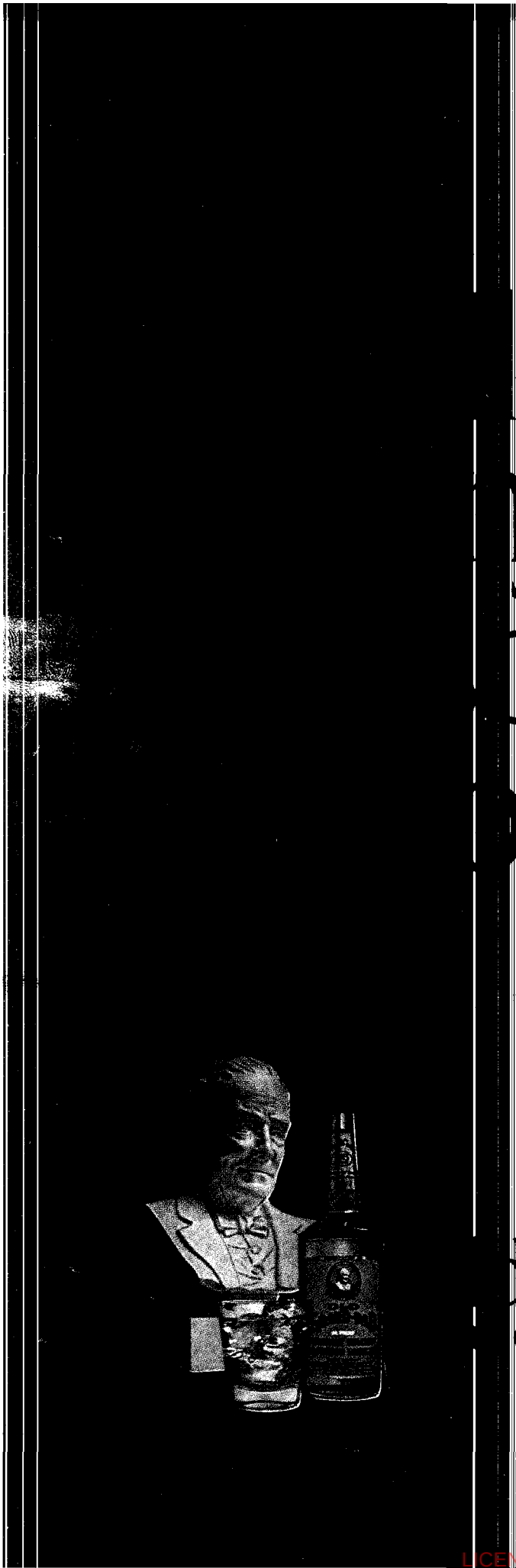

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